
MONTHLY PANORAMA.

MAY, 1810.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Conductors of THE PANORAMA should but ill deserve that patronage, by which they have been so honourably distinguished, and which has indeed surpassed their most sanguine expectations, if they did not evince by a corresponding exertion on their part, that sense of obligation by which they feel actuated. It will accordingly be perceived that the present Number assumes a denser form than any of the preceding—that it is printed in a closer manner, and with more elegant type; that its arrangement comprises greater variety; that in point of extent it is at least one-third greater; and that it will be found, it is hoped, upon the whole, not inferior in interest to ANY Miscellany published in the United Kingdom. The embellishments, too, are of a nature, which cannot fail to attract attention, as the PLATES are wrought with a delicacy and truth, highly creditable to the STATE OF THE ARTS in this country, and which, we doubt not, will contribute to encourage that emulation, which if not the parent and the nurse, is the preceptress, disciplinarian and stimulus of excellence. It will be recollected, that we made no promises with regard to the ornamental part of this Magazine, at the commencement of our enterprise; but we resolved that no expence should be spared; none in truth has been; and although we have not yet been able to obtain that degree of perfection which we contemplated; the candid reader will do us the justice to acknowledge, that we approached in every subsequent number still more nearly to our object. The present number is offered as an improvement upon the preceding. We give FOUR PLATES. Upon their execution we do not deem it necessary to enlarge, but we may be permitted to assert, that in point of interest and curiosity, the subjects are well worthy the Engraver's abilities. The print of SIR FRANCIS BURDETT is taken from

one of the most expressive and beautiful likenesses of that eminent patriot, that was ever published. Upon the truth and correctness of the resemblance, we speak from ocular observation; and we appeal to such gentlemen as have had an opportunity of seeing that extraordinary character, for the accuracy of our assertion. The CAR in which he was chaired is also delineated with scrupulous exactness. For our fashionable readers, who have so particularly honoured our Miscellany, and for which we shall cherish the most grateful recollection; we have caused two Prints of the latest and most elegant dresses to be engraved, accompanied, with a concise and intelligible description. Independent, however, of the description which refers to the delineation, we have compiled from no less than four different sources, the prevailing *tastes* of the day. This fullness and variety gives THE PANORAMA, in this department, a decided superiority over any single publication having such objects in view: in as much, as it comprises the excellence of all, without being encumbered with the verbiage or defects of any. For their industry, therefore, in the delineation of the Fashions, the Conductors may, without the imputation of arrogance, claim some degree of merit.

A regular detail of LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, on a plan, at once comprehensive and minute, has long been esteemed as one of the most instructive and entertaining portions of a periodical work. It is not only a REVIEW in miniature of what has been published, but it contains prospective notices of works already in hand, or in the press. This portion of the PANORAMA will, in future, be found much more ample and particular, than similar notices in the London publications. The reader will find this difference satisfactorily explained at the commencement of the article of LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, to which we beg leave to refer.

To our Correspondents we return thanks. It will be seen that the favours of some have been inserted; and we shall next month avail ourselves of a great variety of Letters, received from different parts of the country; but we would suggest to those Gentlemen who may select our Miscellany as a vehicle for their communications to the public, to use more accuracy of expression, and to pay more attention to style. We need not hint that however, easy and intelligible, a mere epistolary mode may be, it is often too careless and colloquial to encounter the public eye. We have been compelled to reject some productions of real merit, for faults of style alone, for a vagueness in the structure of the period, and want of accuracy in the general arrangement. This is the more unaccountable, when we consider the very respectable and learned names which have been privately affixed to the communications. With the composition of the gentlemen to whom we allude,

and who, we trust, will understand the allusion in that spirit of candour, for which we willingly give them credit, we would not presume to meddle. In a more correct and consecutive form, we shall feel particularly happy in promoting by our very general circulation, the benevolent and rational objects of the writers in question.

As we are upon the subject of Correspondents, we have one word to say to AGRICOLA. In all the praise which this writer bestows upon husbandry we most cordially agree. Indeed its benefits are so self-evident, as not to demand demonstration. We coincide too, for the most part, in the handsome encomiums he has pronounced upon the FARMING SOCIETY; and although we cannot contemplate, with the rapture he feels, an overgrown bullock, or a monstrous swine, yet we acknowledge, that great attention should be paid to the breed of cattle and the construction of ploughs. Still, however, long essays upon the subject, though gratifying to the country gentleman and to the farmer, (and both we should most anxiously wish to gratify) would not, we fear, be altogether suitable to the nature of a popular miscellany like THE PANORAMA. Nevertheless, admitting, as we do, the importance of the subject, and the avidity with which he assures us, our rural subscribers will receive this department, we shall cheerfully insert such papers upon the subject of agriculture and cattle, as shall seem to be dictated with judgment, and expressed with conciseness. Nay, we invite the Secretary of the FARMING SOCIETY, to furnish us with such documents as he may deem conducive to the benefits of Agriculture, and with an account of the proceedings of that increasing and most respectable association. We are aware of the services which may be derived from diffusion of experiment, and rapidity of communication; and shall therefore feel particularly happy in becoming instrumental to the promotion of those salutary and silent systems of rural economy, by which the state is quite as much benefited, as by the more noisy and violent patriotism of our politicians. But while we offer THE PANORAMA as a medium for the propagation of Agricultural Science, we are justified in demanding a reciprocal advantage from such gentlemen as cultivate those pursuits. Patronized to the extent we merit, and we require no more, by the FARMING SOCIETY, we shall endeavour to manifest our sense of the honour by prompt and special attention to their communications.

One gentleman, after expatiating upon the fashion and indeed the rage of studying CHEMISTRY, which distinguishes the present generation, and which is felt in its full and gratifying influence in the City of Dublin, invites us to turn a special attention to the Lectures which Doctor Higgins is now giving at the House of the Dublin Society. We have attended some

of those lectures, and we felt, what every one must feel, admiration for the talents, and respect for the science displayed by that eminent and enlightened professor. But although we saw with pleasure, many fair and studious ladies in the lecture room, and although we are too gallant to hint, that they were not perfectly qualified to judge of the nature and theory of those fine and wonderful experiments, which Doctor Higgins will soon exhibit, still we doubt, whether we should possess the ability of rendering a chemical journal agreeable to our readers. As a Magazine, however, should contain communications on all subjects, as it should register the progress of the human mind, we should be glad to note the advance of so useful a science in this country. An essay, therefore, on the subject of those lectures, so desirable to students in general, and to professional men, at a distance from the Metropolis, cannot fail to be received with welcome. On this account, we invite the pen of the ingenious student to supply us with an outline of Doctor Higgins's lectures. A man whom KIRWAN has chosen, cannot stand in need of celebrity; but we submit to the learned professor, whether the objects of the Dublin Society, and the cause of science may not be materially benefited by occasional hints in a periodical miscellany. That Doctor Higgins may publish the fruit of his inquiries, we hope and trust; but a rapid conspectus, in the mean time, instead of diminishing the public interest, would tend most materially to increase the laudable curiosity, which men, not exclusively literary or philosophical feel, at a period so auspicious and so wonderful in the records of experimental philosophy.

A CLERICAL SURVEY has likewise been recommended to our consideration under the sanction of a most respectable name. But this office would include a delicacy, and at the same time a difficulty in its performance, which is more easy to appreciate than to overcome. The modes of religious worship in this great capital are so multiplied and so distinct—the tenets of the various sects, though perhaps not materially different, are nevertheless so hostile, that in doing justice to the eloquence or acuteness of one learned gentleman, in panegyrising his topics and in holding his doctrines up to imitation and applause, we should hazard the bitter chance of violating the religious feelings, or even of hurting the prejudices of another class of the Christian Community. There are few men who pretend to the name of Christians, that do not entertain doctrinal peculiarities, and there is none so cautious as to conceal these notions. Indeed the spirit of Christian candour revolts against such concealment. But this is not a period to foment religious distinctions; nor shall we become instrumental in diffusing the Theological Firebrand. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged, that a CLERICAL CRITIQUE, conducted with candour, though not destitute of spirit, would be highly serviceable to

the cause of pure religion, and pure taste. It would tend to correct fanaticism in the one, and all the inflammable and fantastic follies of style in the other. Provided these STRICTURES be kept within the bounds of morality, and on no occasion whatever diverge into polemical dispute, we should willingly afford a few pages to the Review. But this point must be determined by the suffrages of our subscribers. We mean next month to insert a specimen, which if generally approved, shall be occasionally continued. Nor is it our intention to confine our REVIEW to a particular Church. Dissenters, Protestants, Methodists and Catholic houses of worship shall be visited and the respective Preacher's merits freely discussed.

A Correspondent begs to direct our attention to the great national Seminary, the College of Dublin. We confess we have looked with sorrow, and perhaps frequently with indignation on the sober and quiet way in which that literary establishment is conducted. That the academical course is excellent we are prepared to allow, and that the students, generally speaking, are more firmly grounded in the elements of polite literature and the principles of science, than the youth who issue from the halls of Oxford, and even of Cambridge, we cheerfully admit. But what scientific or literary treat have the Fellows, or the Professors of, produced? Although every science has its votary and every branch of learning its cultivator, though the salaries of most are splendid and their learned leisure sufficient, how few have emerged into general estimation. The science of Brinkley and Millar, and the erudition of Barrett and Stock, may have occasionally started from the settled silence of the University: yet although the Irish lay claim to as much talent as their neighbours, Dublin College has cautiously abstained from ratifying their pretensions. Even an unaccountable lassitude, for we cannot believe that it is stupidity; a strange indifference to the love of praise; or an insensibility to literary honour, appears to have diffused itself over the students. That this, however, has in a great measure arisen from the want of a convenient and ready vehicle, we are fully persuaded. Such a vehicle the PANORAMA offers. In the Historical Society, we know that there are youths of the first promise, and we have heard speeches pronounced by members of that excellent association, which would do honor to any assembly. One of these speeches has been published,* and it is not too much to assert, that even considering it as an Academical exercise, it has few equals in point of judgment, style, and that flowing eloquence, which is said to be the peculiar characteristic of Ireland. But we would not confine the talents of our young men within the walls of the Historical Society. Miscellanies of

* By Mr. Finlay.

this nature have been always the nurseries of literary genius, and hitherto this country has been without a respectable one.

We cannot close this address which has indeed already branched into an extent, upon which we did not calculate, without adverting to the state of the ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY. This institution comprising amongst its members some most respectable names, and having at its head, one of the first men in the scientific world, has languished of late, most unaccountably. On the Continent many provincial towns can boast of literary and scientific associations, which have benefited the cause of true science and good letters more than the Royal Irish Academy. At Manchester, and even at Hackney, there are literary societies whose proceedings furnish more amusement and instruction to the Antiquarian and to the Philosopher, than either would be able to collect from the memoirs of our national institute. Nay, the class of IRISH ANTIQUITIES, the most curious and the least understood of any branch of the science in Europe has been most shamefully neglected. Indeed it is said that the dissensions which prevailed between General Vallancey and Mr. Ledwich contributed, in no small degree, to reduce the value of archeological communications; and it is added, that this dissension circulated among the other members, and diffused a spirit of dissatisfaction, and distrust through the entire association.

We should be unwilling to credit these insinuations, if the tardy publication of their transactions did not in some measure tend to justify the calumnies which have been so industriously propagated. Let us hope that these vulgar and creditable differences will speedily cease, and that an institution which was intended to promote the sacred cause of Science and Letters, may still survive the petty peculiarities which have distinguished, we will not say, which have disgraced, certain individuals belonging to that body. We see the Scotch carefully elucidating the antiquities of their nation; and we perceive with pleasure that the English receive their antiquarian researches with curiosity and interest. Now it is acknowledged, on all hands, that Ireland affords mines of unexplored treasures in this department, which have seldom been wrought by a judicious hand, and which have never been made public without petulance, passion, vituperation, or at least an inordinate and irrational adherence to system. Let the ancient language of the country be studied; there are some amongst us, who have a critical acquaintance with its structure and character, who can read such ancient records as have descended to us with facility, and who can explain the allusions and peculiarities of the old poets and chroniclers. Let those gentlemen give us literal translations in Latin, or English, of the legends and histories which still exist. We should prefer a Latin interpretation, as perhaps more suitable

to the genius of our ancient language; but we are aware that an English version would be more popular. In the present rage of archeological pursuits, when our Ancient Chronicles are reprinting, and when every description of literature is fortunately rated higher than at any former period; we feel fully satisfied that such enterprizes would be honoured by the most splendid remuneration. If they should not receive patronage here, they would infallibly procure it in England. Indeed we are assured, that the unlearned and paltry productions of Campion and Hanmer, have been more successful on the other side of the Irish Channel than even at home. But it is easy to account for this preference. These remarks have been suggested to us by the letter of an English Friend, enclosing some remarks on KEATING'S HISTORY, which will be found in another page, and the continuance of which we are promised from time to time. We throw out these observations for the purpose of inciting the attention of the FREE BORN IRISHMAN to a neglected, but highly interesting portion of literature. For such occasional hints as may occur to the scholar, or as a vehicle to promote his enquiries, we shall cheerfully offer the PANORAMA. There are three or four periodical publications in London, appropriated to this single object;—we trust that the only one in Ireland which studies to please the antiquarian, will receive from him those helps, which his peculiar learning qualifies him to bestow. It is, in truth, a national object.

Upon the political principles of *The Panorama*, we do not feel it necessary to descant. They have already received the approbation of the judicious, and public spirited. Attached to no party, and detesting the extremes of political fanaticism, we shall freely expose the inconsistencies and errors of all, and bestow, without the dread of encouraging factious abuse, our praise or our censure upon the individuals of each.

The THEATRE has been recently so neglected by the Manager and the public, that it has completely ceased to interest. We did promise ourselves and our readers some amusement from a discussion on the merits of the plays and the performers, but when both are equally wretched, it would be descending from the respect which every writer owes to the public and to himself, to criticise the broad absurdities of the former or the genuine insipidity of the latter. It is gratifying however, to perceive that the pantomime and imbecility of the *Forty Thieves* and the *Free Knights* possess no more attraction than the contemptible contortions and puling follies of the performers. When the season of *acting* returns we shall not be wanting in our duty.

In consequence of the improvements of our plan, which on account of circumstances of no public moment, could not be carried into effect until towards the close of the month, we have been compelled to omit some continuations. To these,

however, the most rigid attention, shall hereafter be devoted. A Register of occurrences shall likewise be given, accompanied with a summary of Politics, a list of Marriages, and Deaths, &c.

At the conclusion of the first volume, which will terminate in June, a further enlargement shall take place in the system, of this publication. We shall avail ourselves of another opportunity of explaining our design.

MEMOIR OF SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

WE did intend to accompany the following sketch of the late proceeding at Westminster, with a somewhat detailed biography of the Honourable Baronet, whose portrait we have annexed, and with a view of his political principles. But our space at present will only allow us to give an intelligible and consecutive narrative of the transactions which occurred in London immediately previous to the apprehension of this distinguished man. With these occurrences the public prints have been overcharged; but they are in some instances contradictory, and in most consist of useless repetitions. To bring the whole under one view before the reader shall be the object of the following outline. In order to attain correctness we shall take the particular friend and advocate of SIR FRANCIS BURDETT for our guide, we mean Mr. Cobbett. That gentleman therefore is answerable for the subsequent statement.

It is too well known to need repetition here, that a Mr. Gale Jones, the Manager of a Spouting Club was committed by the House of Commons to Newgate, for a breach of privilege. Sir Francis moved his liberation, upon the principles of the law. His motion was negatived, as is well known. It was under these circumstances, says Mr. Cobbett, that he resolved to publish in his address to his constituents, the electors of Westminster, the whole of the argument which he had made use of in the House, upon the subject of Mr. Jones's imprisonment; which resolution he soon afterwards fulfilled. On Monday the 26th, complaint was made of this publication, in the Honourable House, by a Mr. Lethbridge. This gentleman complained to the House of Sir Francis Burdett's publication. The ministry seconded and supported his efforts; and, after having postponed the discussion of the subject for more than a week, the House, on Friday morning, the 6th of April, after a debate of fourteen hours, or thereabouts, came to a vote, first, that Sir Francis Burdett's publication was a libel upon the House and a breach of its privileges, and, second, that he should be imprisoned in the Tower. A warrant



Sir FRAN^S. BURDETT.

*Engraved for the Monthly Panorama. Published by W^m Figgis 37. Newgate St^e
within two Doors of Gracious St^e*



for his commitment was, accordingly, issued by the Speaker to the Serjeant at Arms.

The Serjeant anxious, apparently, to shew, towards Sir Francis, that respect, which is felt so deeply by all good men, sent him a note, upon receiving this warrant, expressing his desire to wait upon him and to see him into the Tower at the time and in the manner most agreeable to himself. In answer to this note, Sir Francis wrote, that he "should be at home to receive the Serjeant at his house in Piccadilly, at 12 o'clock, the next day, Saturday." The Serjeant went to Sir Francis's house, before this answer reached him, and there he received a repetition of the answer, whereupon he retired, leaving Sir Francis to suppose, that he would return to him the next day, at the hour appointed. But, about 8 o'clock the *same evening* the Serjeant came again, and, telling Sir Francis, that he had received a severe reprimand from the Speaker for not having imprisoned him in the morning, proceeded to attempt to execute his warrant; whereupon, Sir Francis refused to become his prisoner, and, in as mild a way as possible, put him and his messengers out of the house, sending, at the same time, the following letter to the Speaker:

Piccadilly, April 6th, 1810.

SIR,

When I was returned in due form, by the Electors of Westminster, they imagined that they had chosen me as their Trustee, in a House of Commons, to maintain the laws and liberties of the land; having accepted that trust, I never will betray it. I have also, as a dutiful subject, taken an oath of allegiance to the King to obey his laws, and I never will consent, by any act of mine, to obey any set of men, who, contrary to those laws, shall, under any pretence whatever, assume the power of the King. Power and privilege are not the same things, and ought not at any time to be confounded together. Privilege is an exemption from power, and was by law secured to the third branch of the legislature in order to protect them, that they might safely protect the people; not to give them power to destroy the people. Your warrant, Sir, I believe you know to be illegal. I know it to be so. To superior force I must submit; but I will not, and dare not, incur the danger of continuing voluntarily to make one of any association, or set of men, who shall assume illegally the whole power of the realm; and who have no more right to take myself, or any one of my constituents by force, than I or they possess, to take any of those who are now guilty of this usurpation. And I would condescend to accept the meanest office that would vacate my seat; bring more desirous of getting out of my present association, than other men may be desirous of getting profitably into it. Sir, this is not a letter in answer to a vote of thanks, it is in answer to a vote of a very different kind—I know not what to call it—but since you have begun this correspondence with me, I must beg you to read this my answer, to those, under whose order you have commenced it.

I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

FRANCIS BURDETT.

On the Saturday morning the Serjeant at Arms, with his messengers, went again to the house of Sir Francis, and were

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again turned out. Soon after this a troop of the Life Guards arrived in the street, opposite Sir Francis's house, and used means for dispersing the people, who continued to assemble in great numbers near the house. Sir Francis, upon the appearance of the military, sent for the assistance of the civil power and the Sheriffs and their constables came. The same tumultuary proceedings continued through Saturday night; and, on Sunday, an immense assemblage of people was kept up, the whole of the day, in Piccadilly, who committed no other violence than that of compelling, on pain of being pelted with mud, every one that passed to pull off his hat in honour of Sir Francis. In the meanwhile the Cabinet had, it seems met, and an order had been transmitted from the War-office, in every direction, for every regiment *within a hundred miles of London*, to march thither forthwith. A little before eleven o'clock on Monday morning, the Serjeant at Arms, accompanied by messengers, police-officers, and a large military force, broke violently into the house of Sir Francis Burdett. Sir Francis was sitting with his family, and on the appearance of the Serjeant, asked by what authority he broke into his house. The Serjeant produced the Speaker's warrant, which Sir Francis refused to obey, and demanded if it was intended to be executed by military force? The answer was in the affirmative. Whereupon Sir Francis commanded them to desist in the king's name, and called upon the Sheriff for his aid. It was answered, that the Sheriff was not there; and Sir Francis then said, that they should not take him but by force, which they accordingly did, and hurried him through a double file of soldiers drawn up in his own house to a glass coach which they had in waiting for the purpose. He was now conveyed to the Tower, escorted by an army thrice as numerous as the army at Guadaloupe, against which *ten* of our generals marched. The procession moved from Sir Francis Burdett's house in the following order;—two squadrons of the 15th Light Dragoons, two troops of Life Guards, with Mr. Read the magistrate, at their head—the coach with Sir Francis, two more troops of Life Guards, a troop of the 15th Light Dragoons; two battalions of Foot Guards, marching in open order, and a party of the 15th Light Dragoons forming the rear. In this order they proceeded to Albemarle-street, where they halted, and then turned up that street, with the exception of two battalions of Foot Guards, who marched forward through Piccadilly, the Hay-market and Strand, to the Tower. The escort proceeded along Albemarle-street, Bond-street, across Hanover-square, into Oxford-street, along John-street, Great Portland-street, Portland-road, the New-road, Mary-le-bone, by Pentonville, across Islington, along the City-road to Moor-fields, from thence by Sun-street into Aldgate, High-street, and along the Minories to the Tower. The procession went on at its outset

at a quick rate ; and the capture having been made at an earlier hour than the crowd had been in the habit of assembling, the event was not immediately or generally known. The Baronet had passed up Albemarle-street, before a cry was set up, "*They have taken him—they have dragged him out of his house.*" The cry spread immediately far and wide ; and an immense crowd soon attended the cavalcade, which increased to such an extent, that by the time Sir Francis reached the Tower, the crowd had blocked up the Minories, and all the streets in its vicinity, and it became impossible for cart or carriage to pass. Additional preparations had been made in the contemplation of a disturbance near the Tower. Troops were stationed near it, and a fresh regiment came up by water from Tilbury-fort this morning. They were quartered in the New Mint, Tower-hill. The Foot Guards who had marched along the Strand, and through the city, arrived upon Tower-hill five minutes before 12. They came down Mark-lane, headed by the City Marshal, and a City Officer. They drew up three deep in the line from the Tower-gates, which were shut, covering the entrance. Ten minutes past 12, an officer of the 15th Light Dragoons rode smartly out from Jewry-street, by the further side of the Trinity House, making signals for the mob to clear the way. Great shouting and scampering. A quarter past twelve, arrived about 20 of the Horse Guards, who rode up towards the Tower-gates. At the distance of 100 yards came about 300 of the 15th Light Dragoons, then about 200 of the Horse Guards, having in the middle of them the coach containing Sir Francis Burdett. The windows of the coach were all down ; Sir Francis Burdett sat on the right behind ; he was forward, and was well seen. As he passed there was much huzzaing, the guards flourished their swords to intimidate the mob.—After the Horse Guards came about 200 more of the 15th. As the procession entered by the southern side of the Trinity House, it came on Tower-hill in a serpentine form, and the military spectacle was very grand.—This state of things remained for full half an hour, the carriage covered by about 200 Horse Guards, the line of Foot Guards stretching from it up Tower-hill, the 15th lining the sides of Tower-hill, to keep off the mob, which began to disperse.—Two squadrons of the 15th Light Dragoons opened right and left and cleared the ground in all directions, forming a circle two deep around the entrance, through which the remainder of the forces, with the prisoner, proceeded without any material interruption ; though there was much hooting and huzzaing—"*Burdett for ever ;*" and some who had taken refuge within the palings, even pelted the cavalry, who, in return, cut at them with their swords, happily without any material injury on either side. Many of the mob were, however, forced into the Tower ditch, but without mischief, as there was but little water. On the arrival of the car-

riage at the gate, Sir Francis alighted, and was received with the usual solemnities; the gate was immediately shut. Several cannon were fired at the Tower to announce, that the prisoner was arrived; that the capture had been completed; that the enterprise had been crowned with success!—Every part of the town was, on Monday night, paraded by troops; cannon were planted in several of the squares and streets; not only all the divers barracks and depots were filled with soldiers, but guards were mounted in private houses that happened to be uninhabited. In short, in and about London, there was by Monday night, an army, supposed to amount to not much short of fifty thousand men!

After this statement, Mr. Cobbett proceeds to vindicate the conduct of Sir Francis Burdett, from the charge of breach of promise to the Serjeant at Arms, in which, we think, he has succeeded. With regard to Mr. Roger O'Connor, whose presence in Sir Francis's house at the time of the arrest has been made matter of accusation against the Baronet, Mr. Cobbett asks, without inquiring into the circumstances, which might be perfectly accidental, what brought this gentleman into Sir Francis's house, is there any man prepared to say, that his being there, and that his being a friend of Sir Francis, are any proof of Sir Francis's having a seditious intention, as has been most basely insinuated by one of the persons who has written upon this subject? It is misfortune enough in all conscience, for to have a brother guilty of, or charged with, wickedness, without having a participation in that guilt imputed to himself. What would be thought of any one, who should reproach General Despard with being the brother of the unhappy Colonel of that name? What would be thought of the man, who should, as connected with any political question or struggle, in which the Duke of Leinster or Lord Robert Fitzgerald might take a part, attack the cause in which they might be so engaged, upon the ground of the charges which existed against, and which led to the tragical end of their amiable and gallant, and honest, though unfortunate brother:—Aye, say you, but these are loyal men. That is to say, they agree with you in politics. But prove to us then, thou basest of calumniators; give us some proof; state some one instance to us in proof, that Mr. O'Connor is not a loyal man, or be content to pass for an insinuating coward; be content to pass for a wretch, who attacks without daring to risk your carcass.—The ancient moralist, in order to give his disciples a strong picture of unprincipled power, of barefaced insolent injustice, tells them, that the Wolf having accused the Lamb of an offence, and being answered, that, at the date of the offence the Lamb was yet in his mother's belly, replies, "well, if it was not you, it was your father;" whereupon the tyrant flew at the poor inoffensive creature and tore him to pieces.—I remember, that, when a child, this fable excited in my mind indignation at the conduct

of the Wolf; and will not my readers now participate with me in indignation at the conduct of the man, who, regardless of the feelings and the consequences to Mr. O'Connor, has made this insinuation for the purpose of pointing at an inference injurious to Sir Francis Burdett, and with the base hope of diminishing that popularity, the indubitable evidences of which had stung him to his envious soul?—There are, I am aware, persons to say, that, though Mr. O'Connor may have no harm about him, still, for the sake of *preventing misrepresentation*, would not Sir Francis do well to keep aloof from that gentleman? To such persons I would put this question: how should *you* like it, were any friend to keep aloof from you on such a ground? And again: would you trust in the public principles of that man, who for fear of exposing *himself* to the misrepresentations of the world, would turn his back upon, or shun his private friends? Such a course would, indeed, be that of a truly ambitious, aspiring and dangerous man. The precisely opposite course has been that of Sir Francis Burdett, who, the more his friends have been traduced, has stuck the closer to them; and this has not a little contributed towards the establishing of that opinion of his constancy, which opinion nothing now can shake.

Mr. Cobbett then proceeds to some general arguments upon Sir Francis's letter, which are worded in his usual violent and striking manner. As our business is, however, with a mere narrative at present, we shall pass them over, and proceed with our account. The Letter, which we have given above produced as may be imagined, a strong and indignant feeling in the House. All parties appear to have deserted him, Whigs and Tories, Courtiers and Patriots *disavowed* him. This was rough treatment, but Sir Francis seems to have despised it. Indeed upon the country it has no influence, for the worthy Baronet did not in consequence of the speeches of Mr. Canning, Mr. Ponsouby, or Mr. Littleton, lose an iota of popularity. In fact it has increased. But to proceed with our narrative. A meeting of the Electors of Westminster took place on the 17th of last month, for the purpose of expressing their sentiments at what had passed. This Meeting surpassed in point of numbers any thing before witnessed.

Forty or fifty thousand people assembled and separated without the hair of any one's head being touched, though, the very sight of them might, perhaps, make some men's "hair stand an end."—The business of the meeting was opened by Mr. Sturch, who, though a plain tradesman in the city of Westminster, is much abler, even as a speaker, than nine-tenths of those that one hears in other places, with all their insolence of pretensions. Mr. Wishart, who seconded Mr. Sturch, is much about the same kind of man: which, indeed is the general *stamp* of those men, who stand forward to govern the popular feeling in Westminster, and any one of whom is worth a thousand philosophers from Edinburgh.—This nation has long

enough been cajoled and cheated by trading politicians; but these "good men and true" of Westminster have not only discovered the cheat, but appear to have resolved to put it out of countenance. At the meeting a set of Resolutions was first passed; and, these Resolutions expressed, that a Petition and Remonstrance should be presented to the Honourable House, and also that an Address should be presented to Sir Francis. They were couched in very strong language, but we have only room to insert the Address to Sir Francis:

SIR,

"We nominated you to be our Representative without your knowledge, and we elected you without your interference. We were confident that you would perform the duties of a Representative in Parliament with ability and fidelity. In every respect you have not only fulfilled but exceeded our expectations. We derive the utmost satisfaction from having pointed out to the nation the way to be fairly represented. Had it been possible, that our example could have been followed and a proper Representation thereby produced, the scenes we have lately witnessed would not have disgraced our country. We understood the nobleness of your mind, and were confident that you would not descend to barter your trust for a place under government, nor be the partisan or leader of those who support or reject measures just as they happen to be proposed on this or that side of the House. We feel the indignity that has been offered to you, but we are not surprised to find, that when every excuse is made for public delinquents, that the utmost rigour is exercised against him who pleads for the ancient and constitutional rights of the people. You nobly stepped forward in defence of a fellow subject unjustly imprisoned, and you questioned with great ability and knowledge of the laws, the warrant issued upon that occasion; the House of Commons have answered your argument by breaking into your house with a military force, seizing your person, and conveying you by a large body of troops to the Tower. Your distinction between privilege and power remains unaltered; the privileges of the House of Commons are for the protection, not for the destruction of the people. We have resolved to remonstrate with the House of Commons on the outrages committed under their orders, and to call upon them to restore you to your seat in Parliament, which the present state of the country renders more than ever necessary for the furtherance of your and our object, a reform of the representation in that House. While so many members are collected together by means 'which it is not necessary for us to describe,' we cannot but entertain the greatest apprehensions for the remainder of our liberties; and the employment of a military force against one of their own body, is but a sad presage of what may be expected by those who, like you, have the courage to stand forward in defence of the rights of the people. When we reflect on your generous exertions to destroy the horrors of secret and solitary confinement; to mitigate the severity of punishment in the army; to prevent the cashiering of its officers without cause assigned; to restore for the comfort of the worn-out soldier, the public property conveyed by a job to a private individual; to prevent the extension of the barrack system, the obvious effect of which is to separate the soldier from the citizen; to prevent the introduction of foreign troops; to bring to light an atrocious act of tyranny, by which a British sailor was left to perish on a barren rock; and above all, your unremitted exertions to obtain a full, fair and free representation of the people in Parliament; when we reflect on the firmness, the unshaken constancy which you have invariably shewn 'in evil report and good report,' we are eager to express the sentiments of gratitude and attachment to you with which we are impressed, and we are convinced that those sentiments are not only felt by the inhabitants of this city, but by every person throughout the land who is not interested in the continuance of public abuses."

We shall conclude by inserting Sir Francis's Reply, which has been lately published, and which is very much admired.

Tower, April 20, 1810.

GENTLEMEN,

If any thing could increase, or confirm the constant resolution of my life, never to betray the confidence you have placed in me, it is the kindness and affection which your letter of the 17th instant, testifies to me, and the wisdom and propriety of your conduct at the late meeting.

A scrupulous adherence to the common law of this land, and the wise provisions of the ancient statutes declaratory of that law, which together form what I understand that the constitution, raised our country to an unexampled height of happiness and prosperity; and, in an exact proportion to the invasion and neglect of them, has the country declined.

In defence of those laws, and this constitution, I smile at any privation to which, personally, I may be subjected, thinking as I do, that life cannot so well, and so happily, because, it cannot be so honourably and usefully, expended, as in defence of this our best inheritance, and in the maintenance of the good old cause, for which Hampden died in the field, and Sidney and Russell on the scaffold.

Laws, to be entitled to respect and willing obedience, must be pure—must come from a pure source—that is, from common consent; and through an uncorrupt channel—that is, an House of Commons freely elected by the people. Moreover, they who pay the reckoning ought to examine and controul the account; and the only controul the people can have, is by a fair representation in Parliament. The necessity of obtaining this check by a constitutional reform, is now acknowledged by all, except those who, contrary to law, have possessed themselves of a property in the House of Commons, by whom this land, this England—

——— this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out———
Like a tenement, or pelting farm;
England, bound in, with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the covious surge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.

From this foul traitorous traffic, our borough monger ——, derives an immense revenue, cruelly wrung from the hard hand of honest labour. I do, however, now entertain an ardent hope, that this degraded and degrading system, to which all our difficulties, grievances, and dangers are owing, will at length give way to the moderate, but determined perseverance of a whole united people.

Magna Charta, and the old law of the land, will then resume their empire; freedom will revive; and the caterpillars of the state, coiling themselves up in their own naturally narrow sphere, will fall off and perish; property, and political power, which the law never separated, will be reunited; the King, replaced in the happy and dignified station allotted to him by the constitution; the people, relieved from the bitterest of all curses, the curse of Cain—that of being the servant of servants; and restored to their just and indispensible rights.

To effect those great, important, and necessary purposes, no exertions of mine shall ever be wanting; without their attainment, no efforts of mine can avail.

The people of England must speak out—they must do more—they must act; and if, following the example of the Electors of Westminster, they do act in a firm and regular manner, upon a concerted plan—keeping the law and constitution in view, they must succeed in recovering that, to which they are legally entitled—the appointment of their own guardians and trustees, for the protection of their own liberty and property. They must either do this, or they must inevitably fall a sacrifice to one or the other, of the most contemptible factions that ever disgraced this or any other country.

The question is now at issue; it must now be ultimately determined whether we are henceforth to be slaves, or be free. Hold to the laws, this great country may recover, forsake them, and it will certainly perish.

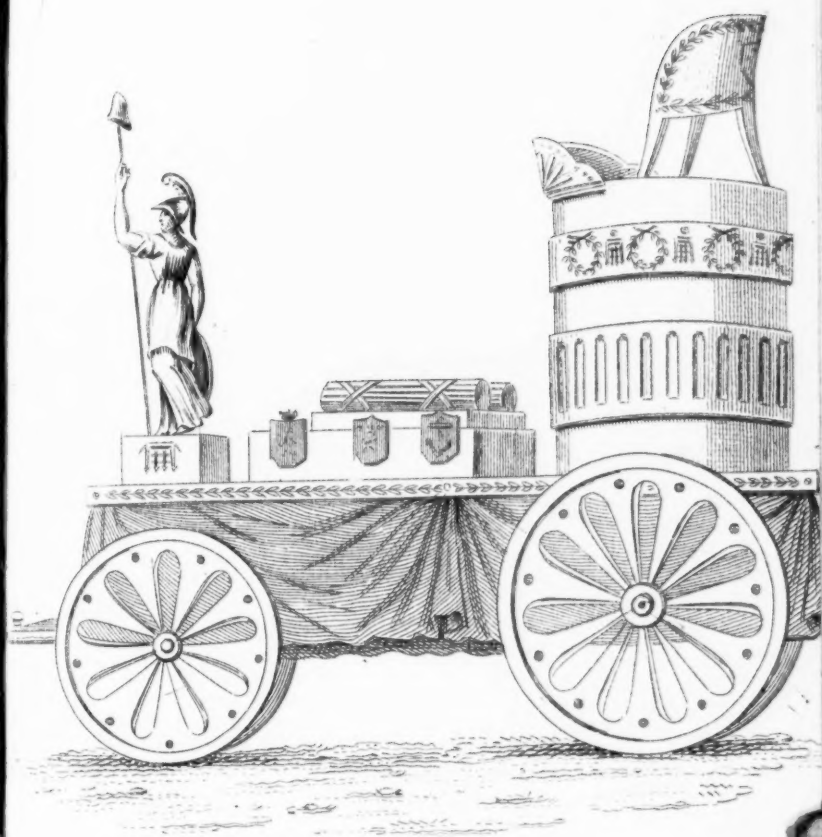
I am, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS BURDETT."

Having put upon record all the occurrences connected with this transaction, and which has excited even in this PROVINCIAL CITY, more interest than any thing which for a long time has occurred, we shall reserve our political observations for a future opportunity. The point at issue between the Baronet and the House, will be tried before the next number of this Miscellany shall issue from the press. It has been strongly asserted, and we find it remains without a contradiction, that the Irish Master of the Rolls means to advocate the cause of Sir Francis, in the Court of Westminster. We confess we feel a national pride in this determination. With all possible respect for the talents of the English Bar we believe it will be acknowledged, on all hands, that they have not, nor ever produced, such an orator as Mr. Curran. Indeed, without meaning him any disrespect, we should rather see our eloquent countryman at the Bar than on the Bench.

By the last Mail we learn, that there has been a numerous meeting of the Electors at Middlesex, held at Hackney, on the 26th ult. where resolutions, similar to those passed at Westminster were entered into by the Electors. The business was opened by Mr. Hare Townshend, who indulged very liberally in invective against the two great parties into which the House of Commons is divided. His resolutions were carried with acclamation. Mr. Byng, one of the Members for the County voted for them, and endeavoured in the course of his speech to defend the Whigs in the House. We are sincerely grieved to perceive that Mr. Byng was unsuccessful. Want of confidence in public men is one of the worst symptoms of the times. When popular reliance is removed from one party it must rest upon another. The Percevals, the Greys, and the Grenvilles, are held in the same estimation. This is the alarming state predicted by the Edinburgh Reviewers. Whether the people have, in the exchange for the Whigs, acted wisely in substituting Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Folkstone, Mr. Wardle, Lord Cochrane, and the *No-Party* men, time will speedily determine. The crisis is at hand.



S^r F. BURDETTS CARR.

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LETTERS ON IRELAND.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN,

LETTER VI.

THE next object of Keating's animadversions, and indeed the principal, is Stainhurst, a German as it should seem, who received his education in England, and who was actually hired by our ancestors, if we credit the authority of the good ecclesiastic, to traduce the country. To do Stainhurst justice, he seems to have earned his wages. Possessed of fluency, and, if I may judge of the specimens cited in this preface of a vituperative talent, which might figure with some success in declamation, this man has collected all the common places of satire, seasoned, of course, and qualified with a few unanswerable statements, and lavished them on this devoted people. You may judge of the nature of Stainhurst's observations and the degree of credibility they bear, when one of his leading accusations against this nation is inhospitality—*est autem hæc gens inhospita!* This would be too much for the patience of a Dutchman; how this and similar taunts have operated on an Irishman's temperament you need not be told. Doctor Keating occupies some pages in defending ancient and modern Ireland against this writer, not perceiving that the very style of the book is as fatal to its authority, as the extravagancies of Doctor Keating's is to the authenticity of ancient Irish History.

One Spencer "a poetical genius," is also introduced into the catalogue of those authors, who have written defamingly of Ireland. This "audacious writer" it seems, wishes to derive some of the chief families in Ireland from an English stock. *Exempli gratiâ*, the Mac Mahons from the Fitz Ursulas; the Macnamaras from the Mortimers—whereas it can be proved "from indisputable documents" that these families and others which Keating enumerates, are lineally descended from Heremon, one of the sons of Melesius himself. In this wise controversy, whom do you think the wisest, this "poetical genius" or his adversary? That Spencer was fond of the antique is demonstrated by his poems. Is it not lamentable that he did not direct his curiosity to the only part of the antiquities of this country that seems worth the trouble of exploring—her boasted POETICAL REMAINS. There were certainly, at this time, many manuscripts in existence of which a trace can be no longer found. Perhaps had Spencer directed his attention to this branch of antiquities, instead of wasting his fine powers upon that most contemptible of all archeological pursuits, the hunting of pedigrees, Ireland might at this day have something to boast, nor would the unprincipled Macpherson have ever dreamt of his admirable forgery.

The assertion of Stanihurst, that a Fingallian, or, as they are sometimes called the Ceullencachs of Fingal, would not condescend to match into the family of an Irish Prince, adds not a little to the choler of our worthy doctor. He denies the assertion with much wrath, and cites the examples of the O'Neils, the Ormond's, the Fitzgerald's, &c. The truth is that those within the pale and those without hated each other so cordially, and their mutual animosities were so often fomented by open war, that they thought, unfortunately for the country, of nothing less than alliances.

Stanihurst laments that the invaders did not extirpate the language altogether, which of course he abuses as barbarous and so forth. Keating replies, that of the language this man knows not a word, having been only ten weeks in the country upon which he undertook to write. With regard to his notion of rooting out the language, that, says the doctor, could not be accomplished without partly extirpating the natives. He adds, at least, by inference, that none but a pagan in heart would recommend so sanguinary a measure, and that none but professed pagans ever effected such a design. He illustrates his assertion by the example of Hengist, the first conqueror of England, who was a pagan. This policy, he contends, was successful, for the Saxon is now the root and fountain of the English language. The next was the bastard William; *he* was a Christian Prince, and suffered the natives to use their own tongue. You see how convenient ignorance is sometimes for an argument. That he is partly right with regard to the consequences of Hengist conquest is generally acknowledged—but he is erroneous in attributing those consequences to any design on the part of the barbarian. The statement of William's conduct is too near the surface to require a formal contraction. To the proposition itself of extirpating the language, I shall have occasion hereafter to advert.

This Stanihurst is a sad fellow. He even denies a country, whose armorial bearing is THE HARP any knowledge of music—any taste, skill or invention. *Expede Herculem*. But he stands alone in this heresy. Hear even their enemy Cambrensis. *In musicis solum instrumentis commendabilem invenies gentis tuis deligen totius tiam, in quibus PRO OMNI NATIONE quem videmus INCOMPARABILITER EST INSTRUCTA*. This from a bitter, and active, and prejudiced enemy is allowing a great deal. It is an extorted encomium worth pages of panegyric; and it proves much more, in my opinion, than the satirist dreams of, or than Doctor Keating remembered to deduce. It speaks most forceably against the barbarism charged upon the Irish and their general ignorance. Men very rude cannot be celebrated for their acquirements in the fine arts. Nay I will grant that these were only national melodies, and such perhaps as would fatigue the ear
of

of an Italian master, or insult the well educated nerves of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland; but still they were sufficient to extort the applause of an ungenerous enemy, and proved beyond a question the superiority of the natives they traduced. But that the Irish, if they did not know the science, practised at least some of the principles of harmony, I think is obvious from the following elegant sentence, written by a man, who, if he did not possess skill in the profession, appears by no means destitute of taste. *Tam suavi velocitate, tam dispari paritate, tam discordi concordia, consona reditur & completur melodia.* This is quaint, you will say, but is it not descriptive of the laboured strains of modern times? I conclude then, that if the Irish made such a proficiency in music, as they are represented to have done, the charge of barbarism, which has been so often and so inconsiderately preferred against them, must at least be taken with certain qualifications.

Our great antiquary, Camden, is presented next in order. In different parts of his preface, Keating pays a just tribute of respect to the merits of this profound and laborious scholar, and even cites his authority against those who question the antiquity of Ireland. Accustomed as you are to the more accurate induction of modern times, you will be surprized, particularly as you are not conversant with a certain class of writers, to hear one author quote the opinion of another as a *evidence* of a fact, which the latter had as little opportunity of ascertaining as the former. But what think you of a man seriously quoting the following sentence in *proof* of the extreme antiquity of his country?

“A profundissimâ enim antiquitatis memoriâ historias suas auspicantur, adeo ut pro illis omnis omnium gentium antiquitas sit novitas.”

Yet although Keating acknowledges his obligations to the British antiquarian, he thinks that he is often biased, not through prejudice indeed, but from want of sufficient information. He remained in Ireland but a short time, was totally unacquainted with the language, and of course but inadequately calculated to write upon the manners or antiquities of the country. This seems to be the misfortune of most of those who undertook to elucidate the history of this island. Added to the extravagant pretensions of the natives to Scythian and Spanish origin, they derided the antiquities altogether, without considering that the rule in dialectics which asserts that proving too much proves nothing, may be applied with considerable limitations to the remoter periods of history. Although a series of fables or a list of imaginary kings may shock the credulity of the most unsuspecting faith, is not the singularity of such pretensions, in which, I believe, the Irish stand alone, worthy the trouble of an examination? But to return to Camden and his critic. The former asserts that priests, their wives

and children, in defiance of all decency and religion, converted the churches into so many dwelling houses. If this were proved, adieu to the sanctity of their pretensions and to the high tone of virtue which their priests assume. Keating acknowledges that it is true to a certain extent, but confines the indecency of the practice to the ministers of the reformed religion, as indeed the terms of the assertion sufficiently demonstrate. He observes that those priests who availed themselves of Henry's permission to marry were remarkable for the licentiousness of their manners, and that they were held, as you may easily suppose, in sufficient disesteem by their late fellow labourers in the vineyard, as well as by their flocks. Indeed it was almost enough that the innovation came from England to indispose the Irish against it. Cambden is certainly right in his statements, but those irregularities are changeable solely to the Protestant Clergyman. Indeed I believe the Irish Catholic Priest, whatever may be his other defects, has been always exemplary in his manners, and particularly observant of his vow of celibacy. Honest Keating, as usual, accumulates authorities in their favor, and selects many of those authorities from their bitterest enemies. I shall transcribe a quotation or two. "*Est autem elurus satis religione commendabilis & inter varias quibus prolucent virtutes, castitas prærogativè preminet.*" Those are the words of Cambrensis—and I believe from the period in which he wrote to the present, they will be found a tolerable accurate description of the decency of the Irish Catholic Clergy.

LETTER VII.

Against Hanmer upon the subject of Saint Patrick, Doctor Keating prefers a very heavy charge, and I believe you will be of my opinion; in admitting that the worthy priest has established his accusation, as far at least as depends upon the evidence at issue between the parties. As to the existence of Saint Patrick, or whether he was the patron Saint of Ireland, which has been denied by a living antiquarian, you and I shall discuss hereafter. At present our business is with Keating's preface only, and with the limited scope which according to this preface Hanmer has taken.

The heresy of Hanmer consists in his denial of St. Patrick being an Irish Saint, and secondly, in his assertion that the cave of Purgatory was not discovered by him, but by Patrick the Abbot. Two very weighty accusations against the antiquities of Ireland, it must be confessed, and against the most dearly cherished opinions of the people; accusations, which if established, must falsify the one, and wound the dearest prejudices of the other. St. Patrick, not an Irish Saint, after all the hog'sheads of port, which, under this belief, have been exhausted to celebrate his anniversary.

anniversary ! after all the jars of whiskey, which from the beginning were quaffed by his devout and jolly votaries ! after all the broken heads and aching temples that he has caused in the land—not an Irish Saint after all ! I confess were I an Irishman, I should feel mortified, if the truth of this opinion were found capable of demonstration. I am no more wedded than you are yourself to local partialities, and less infinitely to the romantic ages of history ; but I am not philosopher enough willingly to surrender King Arthur or St. George. Our historical fables are few compared to those of other countries, but such as are splendid among them, however grotesque or improbable, I should be glad to retain, and if possible to account for. They will be generally found exaggerated copies of a remote fact. The *Ombres Chinoise* of a dark and superstitious æra, however outre and unsystematical the figures and transitions, generally eminate from some distant light, and bear upon them the features of some ill-remembered event. I should prefer the antiquarian, who would endeavour to arrive at this light, by a gradual and unambitious induction, rather than the sceptic, who pours the full tide of ridicule, and the full day of philosophy upon the subject. But you know of old that to pull down is much less difficult than to build up. The objections of an ingenious and fertile mind are numberless, and such minds are generally found on the sceptical side. This side happens just now to be the fashionable one. It is convenient also to ridicule that which we do not understand, or to represent the thing not worth the trouble of an inquiry. Hence many of the wise doubts, and “modern instances” of your philosophical antiquarians. For my part, I think this spirit of philosophising in some degree incompatible with your laborious and learned antiquary. He should be endowed on the contrary with a decent modicum of credulity, with a passion for the pursuit, and with a *rage* of explaining every thing. We should never apply to the sword of Alexander ; although a convenient, it is a clumsy instrument in the head of an antiquarian ; he must always attempt to solve the gordian knot, for though destined to fail in his great object, he may hit upon some subordinate one.

But I am digressing as usual from my subject, although this episode does not seem to be entirely misplaced. To return to St. Patrick. Keating’s argument is this, and if the premises are just, it seems to be sufficient as far as it goes. Patrick the hermit flourished in 850. But Patrick’s cave in purgatory was discovered in 600, which demonstrates that the Abbot can lay no just claim to the discovery. There must have, therefore, been a prior Patrick. Now all accounts coincide in fixing the period of the great Saint just at the time of this awful discovery. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* As to the existence of the cave itself, even Hanmer does not effect to question it. Only go to Scotland, and you will receive ocular demonstration—so says Cæsar. *Qui de purgatorio dubitat, Scoti-*

tiam pergat & amplius de penis purgatorii non dubitabit. Perhaps this is the real cause of the emigrating spirit which distinguishes the Scotch. Without pronouncing an opinion upon the subject, it might be well to enquire into the topography of this tremendous cavern. What do you think of Edinburgh? For my part, I have long been convinced that this cave in the gradual evolutions of time has been elevated above the surface of the earth, by what process philosophers will explain, and is now actually the printing office of Constable, Ballantyne and Co. In proof it is only necessary to refer to the quarterly review, which those gentlemen publish of all the unfortunate souls condemned to expiate their crimes by weeping and gnashing their teeth in that dolorous abode. That I am not an Irishman! I then might have a chance of a good warm place in this cave. For Keating assures us that it was Hanmer's "malicious design in giving the discovery to another to deprive the Irish "of the least title of favour in that cave." Now that it has been restored to the genuine saint, the Irish may indulge in a few more peccadillos than their neighbours.

"One John Davis," is rated by the good doctor as a reviler of the Irish nation. Few in these times will be able to discover in the excellent tractate of this humane and sensible lawyer any traces of malevolence against the Irish. He attributes, and the government of England rightly deserved the censure, all the barbarism and misfortunes of the island to his own country: and if he draws a mortifying picture of this, it is evident, if we had no other testimony, even from the acknowledgement of Keating, that the circumstances of the time, and the state of the island fully warranted his observations. He complains particularly against the Brehon laws, by which property, instead of descending to the heirs male, passed on to the brothers of the deceased. To the shocking injustice of this institution, and the perpetual discord it generated among the members of the same family, he attributes in a great degree the melancholy and degraded manners of the Irish. Hence the impunity with which murder and every inferior crime might be committed. The fratricide or the murderer of his uncle or nephew might purchase his pardon for a fine. These and similar institutions reduced the natives not to a state of nature indeed,—for such a state would, comparatively speaking, be respectable—but to a state of brutality, mingled, however, with certain peculiarities, such as a love for music, and a love of country, which in the midst of all their savageness always distinguished this strange people. They seem to be the last nation in Europe, who still mulct for a capital offence. Keating, however, is very angry with Sir John Davis for his statement—acknowledging at the same time its truth by attempting to explain the motives of its policy, which he asserts that Davis carefully concealed.

concealed. And what are these motives, think you? Why, that the uncertain and disturbed state of the country rendered it necessary that property should pass into capable and vigorous hands. And yet Keating does not seem to be asleep when he produces this answer, for it is evident from his text that he has satisfied himself very comfortably.

DELUSION OF THE PEASANT

ALEXANDER DE MEDICIS.

AMONG the many good qualities of this prince, it has been stated, that he was remarkable for the mildness of his manners, and the assiduity of his attention to the complaints of his people. The doors of his palace in Florence were always open to their approach, as the ears of their prince were to their representations. Alexander was, one morning, seated in the hall of justice, when a peasant hastily entered, and stated to him, that he had had the good fortune to find a purse containing sixty ducats.

"This was indeed fortunate," said the Duke.

"But," continued the Peasant, "as I had learned it belonged to Friuli the merchant who had offered a reward of ten ducats to the finder, I restored it to him."

"This was so honest," returned the Duke, "that a man so opulent as Friuli ought to have given one so poor as yourself at least double what he had promised."

"Instead of which," added the Peasant, "he refuses to give me any thing."

"Does he?" said the Duke: "I should be glad to see Signior Friuli."

The officers flew to obey their prince; and in a few minutes the merchant was brought into his presence.

"If it is not," said the Duke, sternly, "in my power to make a man generous, I can, at least, make him just. Pay the peasant the ten ducats, the reward that you withhold from him."

"That," returned the Merchant, "I should, O prince! most certainly have done, but that I conceive he has already paid himself: for although, when I gave notice of my loss, I said my purse contained sixty, it in fact contained seventy ducats."

"A sad mistake indeed," observed the Duke. "Did you discover it before the purse was found?"

"I did

"I did not," replied the Merchant, in confusion.

"In mercantile affairs, the remembrance of money," said the Duke, "is unquestionably material: have the goodness to deliver the purse into my hands. It is certain," he added, after he had counted the pieces, "that this purse contains but sixty ducats."

"No more," said the Merchant.

"Therefore," continued the Duke, "as I have a high opinion of the honesty and integrity of the peasant, I am induced to believe, that there is, indeed, in this transaction, a mistake; for as the purse you lost had in it seventy ducats, and this which he found contains only sixty, it is impossible that it can be the same; some other person has been almost as unfortunate as yourself: therefore, my friend," said he, delivering the purse to the peasant, "take possession of this money, to which you have a legal title, because I promise to guard you against all future claimants: and do you, Friuli, consider the loss of your purse as a very trifling misfortune, compared to your loss of character, which is, in your mercantile situation, a loss indeed of the utmost importance."

Inquiry into the effects of Spirituous Liquors.

FOR the following curious inquiry into the Effects of SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS upon the Human Body, and their influence upon the happiness of Society, our Readers are indebted to BENJAMIN RUSS, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in the University of Philadelphia.*

By spirits I mean all those liquors which are obtained by distillation from the fermented juices of substances of any kind.
These

* We feel very particular satisfaction in reprinting this paper, at this period, when in consequence of the excessive distillation that must follow the late act of Parliament, the comparative cheapness of spirits will enable the Irish to indulge in their favourite beverage, and because it is upon a subject that, whether considered in a religious, moral, domestic, political, manufactural, or medical point of view, is of the most vital importance to society. This paper, therefore, we must reobserve merits, and has, our warmest approbation; at the same time, candour obliges us to state, that it is, as will be remarked, written from experience collected in another climate, and addressed to the inhabitants of another hemisphere. This, we are fearful, the spirit drinkers of this metropolis, if they can read, and have sense and reflection left sufficient to enable them to contemplate the subject, will deem a loop-hole out of which they might creep, a climactural excuse, in consequence of which they might

—hug themselves, and argue thus,
"It is not yet so bad with us."

We

These liquors were formerly used only in medicine; they now constitute a principal part of the drinks of many countries.

Since the introduction of spirituous liquors into such general use, physicians have remarked that a number of new diseases have appeared among us, and have described many new symptoms as common to old diseases. Spirits, in their first operation, are stimulating upon the system. They quicken the circulation of the blood, and produce some heat in the body. Soon afterwards they become what is called sedative; that is, they diminish the action of the vital powers, and thereby produce languor and weakness.

The effects of spirituous liquors upon the human body in producing diseases are sometimes gradual. A strong constitution, especially if it be assisted with constant and hard labour, will counteract the destructive effects of spirits for many years, but in general they produce the following diseases:—

1. A sickness in the stomach, and vomiting in the morning. This disorder is generally accompanied with a want of appetite for breakfast. It is known by tremors in the hands, insomuch that persons who labour under it are hardly able to lift a tea-cup to their heads till they have taken a dose of some cordial liquor. In this disorder, a peculiar paleness, with small red streaks, appear in the cheeks. The flesh of the face at the same time has a peculiar fulness and flabbiness, which are very different from sound and healthy fat.

2. An universal dropsy. This disorder begins first in the lower limbs, and gradually extends itself throughout the whole body. I have been told that the merchants in Charlestown, in South Carolina, never trust the planters when spirits have produced the first symptom of this second disorder upon them. It is very

We would, however, wish to inform them, that the baneful effects of a constant use of spirituous liquors is still more dreadful, if possible, in this country than in America. Their pernicious properties, collected from constant observation, it is not necessary here to state. We fully agree with the learned professor in every part of his treatise, and in none more than in his warning to persons not to endeavour to excite corporeal heat by the free use of ardent spirits. In a most severe frost, which happened about fourteen years since, the hackney coachmen of London suffered exceedingly by this practice; many died in consequence of dram-drinking; while those that resorted to the use of tea, which a few did, not only weathered the cold, but acquired health and activity from their regimen.

With respect to the liquors that Dr. R. allows to be salutary, we approve of them all; but we wonder that he has not given to WATER, pure and unmixed, a place in his catalogue. This, as a beverage, is, we conceive, as congenial to the human as to the animal system; yet as it has been for ages, as it is at present, extremely obnoxious, we should have imagined that, as a medical professor, he would have bestowed upon it a few words of commendation, because it was impossible that he could have been more innocently employed.—EDITOR.

very natural to suppose, that industry and virtue have become extinct in that man whose legs and feet are swelled from the use of spirituous liquors.

3. Obstruction of the liver. This disorder produces other diseases, such as inflammation, which sometimes proves suddenly fatal, the jaundice, and a dropsy of the belly.

4. Madness. It is unnecessary to describe this disease with all its terrors and consequences. It is well known in every town-ship where spirituous liquors are used.

5. The palsy, and 6, the apoplexy, complete the group of diseases produced by spirituous liquors. I do not assert that these two disorders are never produced by any other causes; but I maintain, that spirituous liquors are the most frequent causes of them; and that when a predisposition to them is produced by other causes, they are rendered more certain and more dangerous by the intemperate use of spirits.

I have only named a few of the principal disorders produced by spirituous liquors. It would take up a volume to describe how much other disorders natural to the human body are increased and complicated by them. Every species of inflammatory and putrid fever is rendered more frequent and more obstinate by the use of spirituous liquors.

The danger to life from the diseases which have been mentioned is well known. I do not think it extravagant therefore to repeat here what has been often said, that spirituous liquors destroy more lives than the sword. War has its intervals of destruction; but spirits operate at all times and seasons upon human life. The ravages of war are confined to but one part of the human species, viz. to men; but spirits act too often upon persons who are exempted from the dangers of war by age or sex; and, lastly, war destroys only those persons who allow the use of arms to be lawful; whereas spirits insinuate their fatal effects among people whose principles are opposed to the effusion of human blood.

Let us next turn our eyes from the effects of spirits upon health and life to their effects upon property: and here fresh scenes of misery open to our view. Among the inhabitants of cities they produce debts, disgrace, and bankruptcy. Among farmers they produce idleness with its usual consequences, such as houses without windows, barns without roofs, gardens without enclosures, fields without fences, hogs without yokes, sheep without wool, meagre cattle, feeble horses, and half-clad dirty children, without principles, morals, or manners. This picture is not exaggerated. I appeal to the observation of every man in Pennsylvania, whether such scenes of wretchedness do not follow the tracks of spirituous liquors in every part of the state.

If we advance one step further, and examine the effects of spirituous liquors upon the moral faculty, the prospect will be still more distressing and terrible. The first effects of spirits upon the mind shew themselves in the temper. I have constantly observed men, who are intoxicated in any degree with spirits, to be peevish and quarrelsome; after a while, they lose by degrees the moral sense. They violate promises and engagements without shame or remorse. From these deficiencies in veracity and integrity, they pass on to crimes of a more heinous nature. It would be to dishonour human nature only to name them.

Thus have I in a few words pointed out the effects of spirituous liquors upon the lives, estates, and souls, of my fellow-creatures. Their mischiefs may be summed up in a few words. They fill our church-yards with premature graves—they fill the sheriff's docket with executions—they crowd our gaols—and lastly, they people the regions—but it belongs to another profession to shew their terrible consequences in the future world.

I shall now proceed to combat some prejudices in favour of the use of spirituous liquors.

There are *three* occasions in which spirits have been thought to be necessary and useful.

1. In very cold weather.
2. In very warm weather. And,
3. In times of hard labour.

1. There cannot be a greater error than to suppose that spirituous liquors lessen the effects of cold upon the body. On the contrary, I maintain that they always render the body more liable to be affected and injured by cold. The temporary warmth they produce is always succeeded by chilliness. If any thing besides warm clothing and exercise is necessary to warm the body in cold weather, a plentiful meal of wholesome food is at all times sufficient for that purpose. This by giving a tone to the stomach, invigorates the whole system, while the gentle fever created by digestion adds considerably to the natural and ordinary heat of the body, and thus renders it less sensible of the cold.

2. It is equally absurd to suppose that spirituous liquors lessen the effects of heat upon the body. So far from it, they rather increase them. They add an internal heat to the external heat of the sun; they dispose to fevers and inflammations of the most dangerous kind; they produce preternatural sweats which weaken, instead of an uniform and gentle perspiration which exhilarates the body. Half the diseases which are said to be produced by warm weather, I am persuaded, are produced by the spirits which are swallowed to lessen its effects upon the system.

3. I maintain, with equal confidence, that spirituous liquors do not lessen the effects of hard labour upon the body. Look at the horse with every muscle of his body swelled from morning till night

night in the plough or the team, does he make signs for spirits to enable him to cleave the earth, or to climb a hill?—No.—He requires nothing but cool water and substantial food. There is neither strength nor nourishment in spirituous liquors; if they produce vigour in labour, it is of a transient nature, and is always succeeded with a sense of weakness and fatigue. These facts are founded in observation; for I have repeatedly seen those men perform the greatest exploits in work, both as to their degrees and duration, who never tasted spirituous liquors.

But are there no conditions of the human body in which spirituous liquors are required? Yes, there are. 1. In those cases where the body has been exhausted by any causes, and faintness or a stoppage in the circulation of the blood has been produced, the sudden stimulus of spirits may be necessary. In this case we comply strictly with the advice of Solomon, who confines the use of "strong drink" only to him "that is ready to perish." And, 2dly, When the body has been long exposed to wet weather, and more especially if cold be joined with it, a moderate quantity of spirits is not only proper, but highly useful to obviate debility, and thus to prevent a fever. I take these to be the only two cases that can occur in which spirituous liquors are innocent or necessary.

But if we reject spirits from being part of our drinks, what liquors shall we substitute in the room of them; for custom, the experience of all ages and countries, and even Nature herself, all seem to demand drinks more grateful and more cordial than simple water.

To this I shall reply, by recommending in the room of spirits, in the first place.

1. Cyder. This excellent liquor contains a small quantity of spirit, but so diluted and blunted by being coubined with an acid and a large quantity of saccharine matter and water, as to be perfectly inoffensive and wholesome. It disagrees only with persons subject to the rheumatism, but it may be rendered inoffensive to such people by extinguishing a red-hot iron in it, or by diluting it with water. It is to be lamented, that the late frosts in the spring often deprive us of the fruit which affords this liquor. But the effects of these frosts have been in some measure obviated by giving an orchard a North-west exposure, so as to check too early vegetation, and by kindling two or three large fires of brush, and straw to wind-ward of the orchard the evening before we expect a night of frost. This last expedient has, in many instances within the compass of my knowledge, preserved the fruit of an orchard, to the great joy and emolument of the ingenious husbandman.

2. Beer is a wholesome liquor compared with spirits. The grain from which it is obtained is not liable, like the apple, to be affected

affected with frost, and therefore it can always be procured at a moderate expence. It abounds with nourishment : hence we find many of the common people in Great Britain endure hard labour with no other food than a quart or three pints of this liquor, with a few pounds of bread a day. I have heard with great pleasure of breweries being set up in several of the principal county towns of Pennsylvania ; and I esteem it a sign of the progress of our state in wealth and happiness, that a single brewer in Chester county sold above 1000 barrels of beer last year. While I wish to see a law imposing the heaviest taxes on whiskey distilleries, I should be glad to see breweries (at least for some years) wholly exempted from taxation.

3. Wine is likewise a wholesome liquor compared with spirits. The low wines of France, I believe, could be drunk at less expence than spirits in this country. The peasants in France, who drink these liquors in large quantities, are a healthy and sober body of people. Wines of all kinds yield by chemical analysis the same principles as cyder, but in different proportions ; hence they are both cordial and nourishing. It is remarked that few men ever become *habitual* drunkards upon wine. It derives its relish principally from company, and is seldom, like spirituous liquors, drunk in a chimney-corner or in a closet. The effects of wine upon the *temper* are likewise in most cases directly opposite to those that were mentioned of spirituous liquors. It must be a bad heart indeed, that is not rendered more cheerful and more generous by a few glasses of wine.*

4. Vinegar and water, sweetened with sugar or molasses, is the best drink that can be contrived in warm weather. I beg leave to recommend this wholesome mixture to reapers in a particular manner. It is pleasant and cooling. It promotes perspiration, and resists putrefaction. Vinegar and water constituted the only drink of the soldiers of the Roman republic ; and it is well known they marched and fought in a warm climate, and beneath a load of arms that weighed sixty pounds. Boaz, a wealthy farmer in Palestine, we find treated his reapers with nothing but bread dipped in vinegar. Say not that spirits have become necessary in harvest from habit and the custom of the country. The custom of swallowing this liquid fire is a bad one, and the habit of it may be broken. Let half a dozen farmers in a neighbourhood combine to allow higher wages to their reapers than are common, and a sufficient quantity of *any* of the liquors I have recommended, and they

* On the subject of wines, it occurs to us to remark, that the wine known by the name of Teneriffe has lately been strongly recommended by Dr. Thornton, and other eminent physicians, for its medicinal virtues.—EDITOR.

they may soon abolish the practice of giving them spirits. They will in a little while be delighted with the good effects of their association. Their grain will be sooner and more carefully gathered into their barns, and an hundred disagreeable scenes of sickness and contention will be avoided, which always follow in a greater or less degree the use of spirituous liquors. Under this head, I should not neglect to recommend butter-milk and water, or sour milk (commonly called *bonneclabber*) and water. It will be rendered more grateful by the addition of a little sugar. Punch is likewise calculated to lessen the effects of heat, and hard labour upon the body. The spirit in this liquor is blunted by its union with the vegetable acid. Hence it possesses not only the constituent parts, but most of the qualities of cyder and wine. To render this liquor perfectly innocent and wholesome, it must be drunk *weak*—in moderate quantities—and *only* in warm weather.

INSTANCE OF THE GOUT BEING CURED BY WEARING A
LOADSTONE.

To the Editor of the Panorama.

SIR,

"A GENTLEMAN residing in Essex, advanced in years, and who used to be laid up annually for three or four months with a violent fit of the gout, having read in some old book that a loadstone worn next the skin was a sure preservative against that excruciating disease, and knowing that some of the finest and most powerful magnets are found in Golconda, he procured one from that province. This stone, chipped into a convenient shape, he constantly wears, sewed in a little flannel case, suspended from a black ribbon round his neck, next his skin. It is about two inches long, an inch and a half broad, and two-tenths of an inch thick; and its magnetic virtue is very great. It much resembles a piece of slate, such as school-boys learn to cypher on. He says, that he now and then has some slight twinges, which only serve to remind him of the terrible paroxysms to which he once was subject. He happened, one day, to omit hanging this amulet about his neck; another and another day passed; and as several years had elapsed without a fit, he began to think that the magnet had altered his system, and rendered him intangible by gout. One night, however, he awoke in torment; he called for his safeguard, and threw it about his neck; he escaped with a slight attack, and has never since been without his piece of loadstone, which he wears
night

night and day, and enjoys perfect freedom from all the pains inflicted by his old enemy."

The preceding account, sir, is extracted from the Medical and Physical Journal of the last month, and, you may well conceive, has raised up some pleasing hopes in the minds of several of those who have been obliged to wear the tormenting shackles and the ponderous clogs of the tyrant *Podagra*.

But alas, sir, hopes too often prove such a flitting, flirting, butterfly set of sylphs, that we may hobble for days after them before we can get them to fix, and to allow us to get good hold of them. This, I trust, will be readily admitted by those who recollect the pretty butterfly chases with which we valetudinarians have from time to time been led astray.

At one time we were in full chase with the sympathetic powder of *Digby* ;* when, if a sword had been whipped through the body of a man, his cure was to be certainly effected by the application of the sympathetic remedy to the instrument which inflicted the wound.

Of late years we followed, in full cry, *Animal Magnetism* ; some of the professors of which science declared themselves capable of effecting a cure with *as much* certainty, a declaration for which I give them full credit, if their patience were at ten miles distance as if they were in the same room. At the present moment we are actually but just dismounting from our galled and jaded *hobby-horses*, after a most unsuccessful chase after the promised advantages and blessings of metallic tractors.

Anxious for information, and in this case, indeed, for conviction itself, I cannot refrain from soliciting that the account may be made more perfect by answers to the following queries :

How long has the loadstone been worn ?

Has a fit of the gout ever occurred during the wearing of the loadstone ?

How long had it been taken off before the fit came on which is alluded to ?

Have his habits of life since wearing the loadstone been similar with those to which he was previously accustomed ?

Has he ever employed the application of cold water ; or the use of soda and an anti-acid regimen ?

What is his age ?

Answers to these queries will better enable us to form an opinion respecting the powers of this substance ; which, at present, except in the case with which we have been favoured, has not, I believe,

* Sir Kenelm Digby, who, in the reign of Charles I. so much distinguished himself by his proposal to cure wounds, we think even gun-shot wounds, by sympathy.—EDITOR.

believe, furnished us with any well authenticated fact to authorise the supposition of its possessing any medicinal property at all. Its physical, and, I may say, its sensible properties, have indeed misled to the recommendation of employing it in rheumatism, toothache, &c. on the silly notion of its having the power of *drawing* out the pain from a disordered part.

Your attention to this communication will much oblige
A HOBBLER.

Dublin, March 8, 1810.

EPIGRAM.

A Few years back some gentlemen of the bar returning from the assizes of Wexford to the city of Waterford, took their route by Ballinlaw, where it is necessary to cross a difficult Ferry—on their arrival it blew a hard gale; the waves ran high; the cot was crazy, and no gentleman would attempt the passage save Mr. Caesar Colclough, then on circuit, who with his saddlebags under his arm ventur'd aboard amidst horses, cars and various lumber. Mr. Bushe (now the Solicitor,) was of the party who remained on shore, and taking out his pencil wrote the following impromptu :

While meaner souls the tempest keeps in awe
Intrepid Colclough crosses Ballinlaw,
And tells the boatmen,—shiv'ring in their rags—
"Thou bearest Caesar—and his saddle-bags!"—

GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

THE persecuting Archbishop Laud was a man of short stature, Charles the first and Archbishop were one day about to sit down to dinner together, when it was agreed that Archer, the King's Jester, should say grace for them, which he did in the following words, "Great praise be given to God, but little *Laud* to the Devil."

GRACE AFTER DINNER

DEAN SWIFT was once invited by a rich miser, with a large party to dine; being requested by the host to return thanks at the removal of the cloth, uttered the following grace:

Thanks for this miracle! this is no less
Than to eat manna in the wilderness,
Where raging hunger reign'd we've found relief
And seen that wond'rous thing, a piece of beef
Here Chimneys smoke, that never smok'd before
And we've all ate, where we shall eat no more.

THE REVENGE;

A moral Tale, by the celebrated Diderot, Member of the French Academy.

THE Marquis des Arcis was a gay man, very amiable, with but a sorry opinion of the virtue of woman.

He however found one singular enough to keep him at a distance. Her name was Madame de la Pommeraye. She was a widow of character, of birth, of fortune, and of pride. M. des Arcis broke off all his other connections, attached himself solely to Madame de la Pommeraye, paid court to her with the greatest assiduity, and endeavoured by every imaginable sacrifice to prove to her his affection; he proposed even to marry her; but this lady was so unfortunate in her first husband, that she had rather encounter every species of misfortune than hazard a second marriage.

This lady lived very retired. The Marquis was an old friend of her husband, he visited and continued to visit her. Overlooking his effeminate taste for gallantry, he was, what the world calls, a man of honour. The perseverance of the Marquis, secondly by his personal qualities, his youth, his figure, the apparent sincerity of his passion, by solitude, a natural disposition to tenderness, in a word, by every feeling which lays woman open to the seduction of men had the effect, and Madame de la Pommeraye, after having withstood the Marquis for several months, and resisted even her own inclinations, exacted from him, as is customary, the most solemn oaths, made the Marquis happy, who would have enjoyed a most pleasant lot, had he preserved for his mistress those sentiments which he had sworn to maintain, and which she entertained for him, for women only know how to love; men are totally ignorant of the matter. At the expiration of a few years the Marquis began to find the life which he led with Madame de la Pommeraye too dull. He proposed to her that they should mingle in society, and she consented. By degrees he passed one day and two days without seeing her; by and by he absented himself from the dinner and supper parties which he had arranged. Madame de la Pommeraye perceived that she was no longer the object of his love; it was necessary that she should ascertain the fact, and this was the mode she adopted.

One day after dinner she said to the Marquis, "You are musing, my friend!"—"You are musing also, Marchioness."—"True, my meditations are melancholy enough."—"What is the matter with you?"—"Nothing,"—"That is impossible. Come, Marchioness," said he, yawning, "tell me what it is; it will amuse both you and me. What are you troubled with

ennui?"—"No; but there are days, on which people are apt to fall into *ennui*."—"You are mistaken, my dear, I protest you are mistaken; but, in reality, there are days! One does not know from what it proceeds. My dear, I have a long time been tempted to make you my confidant, but I am afraid of giving you vexation."—"You give me vexation: you?"—"Perhaps I may; but Heaven is witness of my innocence. It has happened to me, without my being conscious of it, by a course to which apparently the whole human race is subject; since I, even myself, have not escaped it."—"Ah, it concerns you, and to be afraid!" "What is the matter?" "Marquis, the matter is, I am wretched; I am about to render you so; and, every thing properly considered, I had better be silent." "No, my love, speak out; can you keep any thing that lies upon your heart a secret from me? Was it not the agreement we made, that we should lay open our souls to each other without reserve?"—"It is true, and this is the very thing weighs me down; it is a charge which aggravates a fault of a more important nature with which I accuse myself. "Have you not perceived that I no longer have my former gaiety? I have lost my appetite; I neither eat nor drink, but because my reason tells me it is proper. I cannot sleep. I am displeased with our most intimate communications. During the night I examine myself, and say; Is it that he is less amiable? No. Is it that you have reason to be dissatisfied with him? No. Why then, while your lover continues the same, has your heart undergone a change? For it has changed."

"How, madam!" At this the Marchioness de Pommeraye covered her eyes with her hands, reclined her head, and a moment was silent; after which she added, "Marquis, I was prepared for your astonishment, for all the bitter things with which you could reproach me. Spare me, Marquis!—No, do not spare me; say all your resentment can dictate; I will listen with resignation, for I deserve it. You are the same; but your friend is changed. She respects you; she esteems you as much or more than ever; but a woman, accustomed like her, closely to examine what passes in the most secret recesses of her soul, and to allow nothing to impose upon her, cannot conceal from herself that love is fled. The discovery is frightful, but it is not the less real." Saying this, the Marchioness de la Pommeraye threw herself back in her arm chair, and fell a weeping. The Marquis threw himself down at her knees:—"You are a charming an adorable, a matchless woman," said he; "your frankness, your sincerity confounds me, and should overwhelm me with shame. Ah! what superiority over me does this moment confer upon you! How dignified I see you, myself how mean! You have been first to confess, while it was I who first was guilty. We have only to congratulate ourselves mutually upon

having lost, at the same moment, the frail and deceitful feelings by which we were once united."

M. le Marquis des Arcis and Madame de la Pommeraye embraced, enchanted with one another, and separated. The greater the constraint under which the lady was in his presence, the more violent was her grief when they parted. "It is then," cried she, "but too true; he loves me no more!" When the first paroxysms of passion were over, and when she was enjoying all the tranquility of indignation, she considered of the means of avenging herself, and of avenging herself in a cruel manner, a way which should terrify all those who attempted in future to seduce and deceive a virtuous woman. She did avenge herself, she was cruelly avenged; her vengeance was not concealed; but it corrected no person.

Madame de la Pommeraye had formerly known a country lady, whom a law suit, had obliged to repair to Paris along with her daughter, young, beautiful, and well educated. She had learned, that this lady, being ruined by the loss of her suit, had been reduced to the necessity of keeping a gaming-table. They met at her house, played, supped, and commonly one or two strangers staid and passed the night with Madame or Mademoiselle, as they had a mind. Madame de la Pommeraye sent one of her people in quest of these creatures. She found them out, and asked them to pay her a visit, though they scarcely recollected her. These ladies, who had taken the name of Madame and Mademoiselle d'Aison, accepted the invitation. After the first compliments had passed, Madame de la Pommeraye asked d'Aison what she had done, and how she lived, since the loss of her suit?—"To be ingenuous," replied d'Aison, "I have been engaged in a profession which is dangerous, infamous, poor, and, to me, disgusting; but necessity is superior to law. I had almost resolved to put my daughter to the Opera, but she has a weak voice, and is but an indifferent dancer. I took her in the course of my suit, and after it was determined, to the houses of magistrates, noblemen lawyers, farmers of the revenue, and tradesmen, who toyed with her for a time and then threw her off: yet she is as beautiful as an angel, and is possessed of wit and grace, but she has nothing of the spirit of libertinism, and protests to me every day, that the condition of the most wretched is preferable to hers; so melancholy has her situation rendered her that she begins to be deserted."—"Could I suggest to you a mode of making a splendid fortune for both, would you agree to adopt it then?"—"With great pleasure."—"But I must know whether you will promise scrupulously to conform to the counsels which I shall give you."—"Whatever they may be, you may depend upon it."—"And you will be ready to obey my orders whenever I please?"—"We wait them with impatience."—

"This is sufficient; you may return home; it shall not be long before you receive them."

Madame de la Pommeraye hired a small apartment in a decent house, in the suburbs most remote from the quarter in which d'Aisnon lived, furnished it as soon as possible, invited d'Aisnon and her daughter, and settled them there, prescribing to them the line of conduct they were to follow. "You will not frequent the public walks," said she, "for you must not be known. You will after to-morrow assume the garb of devotees, for it is necessary that you pass as such. You will resume your family name, because it is an honest one, and enquiries may sooner or later be made in your own country. You will spin, you will sew, you will knit, you will embroider, and you will give your work to the women who subsist on charity, to sell. Your daughter will never go out without you, nor you without your daughter. Neglect no means of edification which can be had at a small expence. You will keep up a good understanding with the curate and the priests of the parish, because I may have need of their attestation. You will walk in the streets with down-cast eyes; at church, attend to nothing but the service.

"I grant that this mode of life is austere, but it will not be of long continuance, and, I promise you, it will amply recompense you in the end. Consider, consult your own feelings; if you think such a degree of constraint beyond your power, confess it to me; I shall neither be offended nor surprised."

(*To be continued.*)

INTERESTING NARRATIVE,

Extracted from the relation of Dorvo Soulastre, Ex-Commissary of the Government of St. Domingo; very recently published at Paris, and addressed to Cambacérès.

THE English* kept us on board about a fortnight: at the end of that term the scarcity of water made them get rid of us. Captain William Cropp, the commander, intimated this resolution to me in Latin, which he spoke extremely well. As neither myself nor my companions had found any cause not to be thankful for the good treatment we had experienced, I cannot believe that this man was voluntarily the cause of the severe extremities to which we were reduced during the nine days which followed our quitting the vessel.

On putting us ashore, the English told us we were not more

* Dorvo Soulastre, with a few companions in a small passage boat, had been taken by an English privateer on the coast of Cuba.

than six or seven leagues from a Spanish *corps de garde*, at which we might easily arrive before sunset, by following the sea-shore, and thence we should with facility reach the interior of the country, and the royal road which leads to St. Jago, or even to Havana. Relying on this assurance, we considered that half a dozen thick biscuits and a fagon of rum, which those who conducted us ashore bestowed on us, were even more than sufficient for our sustenance for the short journey we were to make; and therefore, although we were all half-naked, we walked on cheerfully, having no other arms than a *dirk*, a sort of small sabre or poignard, much used by the English privateers when they board any vessel.

Thus victualled and equipped, we marched on for three hours, sometimes along the coast, sometimes through the neighbouring savannas, in which we found a species of *dog grass* that we chewed now and then with the expectation of cooling the parching thirst we experienced; but it possessed an acidity which the palate could not bear, occasioned, no doubt, from the waters of the sea, which, during the continuance of the south winds and the winter floods, inundate the lands, which are extremely low, and even on that account produced nothing except reeds, and plants common to swampy grounds; some mango trees and some other trees, misshapen and branchless, which were scattered here and there, and seemed to vegetate only to attest the infertility of the soil.

The heat had by this time overpowered us; and though we had not made more than two leagues, on account of the difficulty of the march, we were constrained to sit down under the shadow of a clump of mangoes, which rose by the side of a little creek. Here we had scarcely began to repose ourselves, or to yield to reflections more or less melancholy, the presages of the misfortunes that were preparing to overtake us, when our packet-master, Pierre, who had gone a little distance inland, ran towards us as fast as he was able, calling out to us to take care of ourselves. We knew not the occasion of his fears, nor the danger we were in, until he had rejoined us. Thinking he heard a noise on the opposite side of a stagnate pool which was surrounded by mangoes, he had been desirous of seeing from what it proceeded, and to shorten the way, endeavoured to wade across the pool, assisted by some branches of the mango. Unhappily for him he disturbed the repose of five or six alligators, who, during the oppressive heat of the day, had chosen this spot to wallow in. This visit had so much displeased two of them, that they pursued him through the mud; and he would probably have become their prey, had he not been well acquainted with the usual method of eluding them. After an excellent retreat, he ran towards us; and at the moment in which he rejoined us, was apparently more dead than alive.

Disagreeable as this adventure seemed to us, still the conviction of not being far from the *corps de gardé* mentioned by the English, revived our courage, and we recommenced our journey in good spirits, persuaded that we should arrive there before night. We therefore continued our march for about three hours longer, at the end of which, the excessive fatigue and heat, and still more the uncertainty of the route, made us determine to stop and deliberate on what was to be done. After a short consultation, which was held at the foot of a tree that very much resembled a cherry-tree, but was almost entirely without leaves, we determined to pass the night in the place where we were, since being elevated, it offered us most security; and we consoled ourselves with the hope that on the next day we should certainly arrive at our promised *corps de gardé*. We therefore laid ourselves at our length on the earth, at about a musket shot from the beach, and each of us taking a biscuit, we made our repast, which might have appeared delicious if we had not been in want of fresh water. La Prudence, whom we had dispatched to seek for some, brought us nothing but a kind of wild artichoke, which having the form of a parasol reversed, easily retained the dews, so abundant under the tropic. The heat of the day had, however, absorbed the water it had received during the night; nevertheless we cooled our mouths a little, by sucking the leaves. We were still reduced to the necessity of supplying the want of water by our rum, and we drank, in turns, half the contents of our flaggon. The biscuits were all consumed; La Prudence only reserved a couple on account of his excessive thirst, and could eat no more than the half of his share.

Our supper was concluded, and it was still day. We rose to examine the environs, and to contrive how we might most easily escape the sea flies and other insects that incommoded us very much during our repast. Each of us went immediately to the right and left, as fancy directed, agreeing not to lose sight of one another, and not to go out of call. La Prudence and I followed Captain Durand, and directed our steps towards a savanna, which was skirted by the sea, and interspersed with clumps of mangoes. We were close to one of these clumps, when we heard a plaintive cry that proceeded from it: the noise resembled that of a dog endeavouring to disengage himself from a snare. I was advancing to see what occasioned it, when Captain Durand stopped me, telling me not to approach, for the voice was not that of a dog, but of an alligator, and that we were not strong enough to defend ourselves from so ferocious an animal. The pale visage of the Captain, who, from a full red, became at this moment as white as a shirt, terrified me so effectually, that I had hardly strength to retreat. We returned to our place of rendezvous, whence it was easy for us to perceive the whole coast was co-

vered with these monsters, by the numerous tracks which they left in the savannas, as they traversed them to betake themselves to the morasses, where they concealed themselves, and avoided the heat of the day.

(To be continued.)

THE NOBLE ATONEMENT.

OF those valleys in the *Piémont* which derive a lamentable celebrity from the cruel persecutions suffered by their inhabitants on account of their religious opinions, none is more distinguished for the boldest features of Nature than the valley of St. Martin. Encompassed within immense mountains, covered with snow eight months in the year, it is almost cut off from the rest of the globe. Its area is so narrow, that it scarcely leaves room for the rivulet by which it is crossed. It is entered by a bridge over a crack in the rocks, and is inaccessible on every other side. Its population, however, is not inconsiderable. The declivities of the mountains produce rich grapes and luxuriant fruits. Over the orchards and vineyards are extensive forests of chesnut trees; and above these, verdant pastures, where lowing herds are grazing as on the Alps of Switzerland. Towards the summit of the mountains are impervious woods, the abode of bears, wolves, and game of all kind, and the tops are crowned with many silvery lakes.

In the middle ages this romantic valley belonged to a Count of the same name, who reckoned also the adjacent beautiful valley of Pragela among his numerous possessions.

Count St. Martin was a noble-minded, well-disposed, young man, but unaccustomed to subdue the violence of his passions. Tournaments, chivalresque exercises, and the chase, his favourite and almost only occupations, enflamed his desires, without enfeebling his ardent zeal for justice. At the court of the Margrave of Italy, which was the resort of all the young noblemen of the country, he had acquired the fame of a most accomplished knight, won the heart of many a noble virgin, and formed the most intimate friendship with a young Count Montalto, of his age, but of a more gentle disposition.

Montalto was extremely susceptible of love. His admiration of the fairest among the fair drew upon him many a sarcastic joke from his less inflammable friend, upon whom he did not retaliate, because he secretly wished that it might be reserved for a tenderly-beloved sister to captivate his heart. He frequently mentioned her with an ardour that indulged in comparisons all to her advantage. This, at last, inspired St. Martin with the desire to court her acquaintance.

An opportunity soon offered itself. Montalto had promised to undertake a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, in order to exonerate his dying father from a vow which the latter had been unable to perform. The conscientious son did not wish to delay its performance. He left the court of the Margrave; and as St. Martin determined to be his companion, he attended his friend Montalto.

Here the rare charms of the beautiful Agnes, the tender affection with which she received her brother, and the noble manner in which she welcomed his friend, operated alike in her favour with Count St. Martin. He felt himself irresistibly enslaved. Montalto observed, with secret pleasure, the change wrought in his friend. He exerted himself to make his stay in his castle still more agreeable; but it was Agnes, Agnes alone, who rendered it peculiarly delightful. Her slender elegant shape, the inexpressible sweetness of her bewitching face, the innocence and purity which adorned her whole person with celestial charms—all this had over the fiery and high-minded St. Martin a power which alternately oppressed and raised his spirits.

Such a situation he could not long endure; and yet the hitherto unconquered hero wanted the courage to disclose to Agnes the glowing ardour with which she had animated his soul. He threw himself into the arms of his friend, and exclaimed:—"My life is at your disposal! Give me death, or your sister."

Montalto, who could not conceal his joy, pressed him to his heart, and answered with warmth:—"Agnes shall be yours. She is, indeed, the pearl of her sex: but is there a mortal living whom I could wish her to prefer to you? No.—Her affections, however, are still unengaged. Yet she cannot continue insensible to a man like you. Win her yourself, and leave me nothing to do but to bless your union."

The pleasure which Agnes found in entertaining her brother's friend with the most distinguished hospitality, reminded her of her female destination, and she guessed at the Count's attachment long before a word escaped from his lips. His endeavours to please could not fail of making a lasting impression on her heart. In her presence the violence of his temper subsided into a gentleness which appeared unaccountable even to himself. But no sooner did he perceive his progress in Agnes's affections, than he uttered his sentiments with impetuous vehemence. It was lucky that Agnes had consulted her heart before-hand: yet her female delicacy could not yield a prompt victory. Her gentle brother was called in as a mediator, to reconcile the impetuosity of the lover with the timidity of the beloved object. The alliance was agreed upon, and St. Martin insisted upon its early solemnization.

Montalto was now left to enter alone upon his pious jour-

ney. He accompanied the happy couple to St. Martin's castle of Cluzon, in the valley of Pragela, continued for a few weeks a delighted witness of their felicity, and tore himself from his friends with an anguish of mind as if he were never to return.

St. Martin was not the man who could long remain satisfied with the enjoyment of tranquil happiness. Accustomed to noisy bustle and brilliant festivities, he soon made his castle the rendezvous of his neighbours and acquaintance; and his pride was not a little flattered when sometimes one and sometimes another of the knights swore by his sword, that he had never seen a more beautiful or a more lovely woman than his wife. Agnes was not fond of the noisy visitors. She avoided them as much as she could; but the Count did not like her living retired, and to please him, she condescended to be present at the festive board. The homage paid to Agnes was gratifying to the Count: it was an homage to his taste, and her tender attentions to himself completed his felicity.

Among St. Martin's more intimate friends was a knight of the adjacent *Dauphine*, whom he liked about his person because he was a likely and agreeable companion. He was particularly skilled in singing songs of his own composition, and accompanied his voice with the theorbe. Agnes admired his talent, but thought him of a too pliant and changing disposition to give him her esteem. Yet she did not acquaint her husband with the unfavourable impression which his friend made upon her. Robigny, such was the stranger's name, disliked the chase, and often staid at home when the Count and the rest of his visitors enjoyed the sports of the field. St. Martin was railed about it in a manner which wounded his pride, and kindled a fatal jealousy, which from a spark soon grew to a flame. He fancied he saw in Robigny the seducer of his wife; and although her invariable tenderness exonerated Agnes from all suspicion, he could not resist the passion by which he felt himself suddenly assailed. He resolved to break off his intercourse with Robigny for a time.

The rebuilding his castle in the valley of St. Martin, the oldest of his ancestor's demesnes, furnished him with a plausible pretence. Before he set out for St. Martin with the Countess, he told his friends that he should admit no visitors there, and debar himself of their company till his return to Cluzon; at the same time he informed Agnes that he intended to make St. Martin his constant residence. Her joy at this information was so unfeigned, that it instantly banished all the cares by which the Count's mind had been secretly harassed. But Robigny soon disturbed his tranquility afresh. He could not refrain, as he said, from visiting his friend in his solitude; and though he met with little encouragement, he yet repeated his visits from time to time. The Count happened to be absent

once or twice when he came. Agnes received him with marked coolness, and yet he did not stop away.

One day when the Countess declined seeing Robigny, under the pretence of her being unwell, he protested he had some intelligence to communicate, which might be of importance to her husband. But what was her surprise when Robigny abused her condescension in receiving him, to avow his culpable flame! She indignantly left him, and sternly bade him never to appear any more in her presence. Her fear that the knowledge of this occurrence might incite the Count to a bloody revenge, impressed her with the idea that she ought to keep it secret from her husband. Alas! she was far from foreboding that this unfortunate resolution would lead to consequences most fatal to herself.

It was late when the Count returned to the castle. Unused to dissimulation, Agnes would not welcome him with her wonted serenity. St. Martin, whom his spies had already informed of Robigny's visit at the castle, had more power over himself, and remained silent, though violently grieved at his wife's silence. Hitherto he had believed in her innocence. He now felt convinced that she was most shamefully deceiving him. His passion knew no bounds, and he only pretended to be cheerful and calm, to render his revenge more infallible.

As no one could enter the valley, and much less the castle, unperceived, St. Martin took his measures to be immediately at hand, in case Robigny should again make his appearance. To give the traitors, as he thought, free play, he kept almost always at a distance from the castle. His conduct filled the Countess with the most cruel apprehension. But though her feelings were too delicate not to perceive the constraint under which her husband was evidently labouring, yet she could less than ever venture to touch a chord of the responsive sound of which she was so tremblingly afraid.

At the end of a few days St. Martin was informed that the Countess had received a pilgrim in her chamber. Rage and fury immediately possessed his soul. None but the villainous Robigny could assume such a disguise. He hastened to surprise the traitors, and his impatience increased when he overheard the exulting joy of Agnes, that the dear pilgrim had not been recognized at his entrance into the castle. He rushed into the room sword in hand, and foaming with rage, pierced the supposed offenders, and bade his wife take her infamous paramour along with her to hell.

A few broken sounds of his dying victims, among which he distinguished the words, *brother!* and *sister!* checked his brutal passion, which subsided into complete stupefaction, when the maid of the Countess finished the terrible discovery, and revealed the bad success of Robigny's attempt upon her mistress's inflexible virtue. He cast a mournful look upon the

corpses of Agnes and Montalto, and hastily snatched his sword to perish with them. Fortunately the maid caught his arm, and persuaded him to live to pray for the souls of those he had so wantonly butchered, and to work his pardon by a long repentance. Her impressive entreaties restored him in some degree to his senses. He left the castle, and hastened to a venerable monk in a neighbouring convent. To him he confessed his crime; and the pious priest ordered him to go to Rome, to submit his mournful case to the decision of the Holy Father.

(*To be continued.*)

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS.

Indignation.

A VERY fine young woman, lately arrived in London from this country, with a lovely infant, applied to a *magistrate* to order her allowance, as the wife of a man serving in the *militia*. She was, of course, asked for her *certificate of marriage*. She produced one *engrossed on parchment*, in *Latin*, and signed by the *Roman Catholic* priest of the *district*. The magistrate informed her, that such a certificate was not admissible, and that he could not make an order upon it.

"No!" said the young woman: "why I was married in — chapel!" naming the city.

"Of this," said the magistrate, "I am convinced; but these marriages are not in this country deemed *legal*: therefore, so far as regards your own pay, and for your future offspring, you had better be *married* again."

Indignation flashed from the eyes of the young woman when she took the *certificate*. "No, sir," said she, "after having been considered a *lawful wife* in my own country, I will not write myself a — in this."

Conscience.

A Jew was lately giving evidence respecting a *purchase*. The magistrate observed to him, "My friend, by the account which I have and from persons now present, your *evidence* seems most materially to differ from that which you gave, a few days since, before the *alderman*."

"Aye," said the Jew; "*bot den I was not upon mine oath.*"

William Palmer, Comedian.

THIS young man, who was in his time better known by the familiar appellation of *Billy Palmer*, was the *natural* son of the late Mr. John Palmer, comedian, and for several seasons played at Drury-lane Theatre. He had very considerable abilities, and in low comedy was in many instances, especially in the cast of short parts, where the great effect is produced by a few strokes of nature and of genius, truly excellent; but, alas! he had a failing, the worst that can attend an actor, because it operates as an extinguisher to the most brilliant talents, and is at the same time most disrespectful to an audience; this was, inebriety.* Poor Billy was frequently overtaken. A contusion, that when a boy at Lichfield, he had received on his skull,† from the kick of a horse, had rendered him extremely susceptible of the influence of liquor; yet he had not strength of mind sufficient to enable him to guard against it by temperance. One very singular circumstance attended Palmer in his cups; which was, that although he very soon lost the use of his legs, his senses generally remained perfect to the last. Of this we have heard the following instance:—

Edwin the elder and a friend were, one night, returning home from spending the evening, and, in passing through one of

* *Shuter*, who in those times served as a *model* for all low comedians, was so frequently guilty of this vice, that, upon a report that a new comedy was delayed (at Covent-garden Theatre) in consequence of an *indisposition* which he caught over a bottle, the audience resolved, when the piece was played, to punish him for his disrespect. The prologue was spoken; the curtain drew up; the actors appeared on the stage, and *Shuter* was loudly called for. At length he also appeared; and, by a whimsical accident, the character that he represented (that of Governor ———) was to come forth in a night-gown and cap. As not one of the audience knew that this was to be his stage *un-dress*, they thought he had just left his chamber, and when he advanced to the front, and called up a look, were convulsed with laughter; one peal succeeded another. *Shuter* stood bowing and grimacing, and the house exhibited the most risible scene of confusion that had, perhaps, ever been instanced. When order was in some degree restored, the audience, who were not entirely to be laughed out of their resentment, still demanded an apology: the vivacity fled from the countenance of *Shuter*; his lip dropped; he came forward; and, with more sensibility than many thought him capable of expressing, he said, “*Ladies and Gentlemen*, a report extremely injurious both to my feelings and my principles has been with great industry circulated; which is, that on account of my drunkenness this piece has been postponed. I do assure you that this is not the fact; if it has been delayed, it was on account of my *real* indisposition: I would rather serve than injure any author. I was not drunk at the time stated; but if you ask, whether or not I was drunk last Wednesday night, I must confess I was; and for that fault I most humbly ask your pardon.” To describe the tumult of applause that succeeded this speech is impossible; a hundred voices at once exclaimed, “We forgive you *Shuter*!” Upon which, the actor, in his most humorous manner, took off his green velvet cap, and, bowing, retired,

† His skull had been trepanned.

the dark and narrow lanes of Birmingham, they heard a voice loudly exclaim, "a horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse?" Struck with the sound, Edwin said, "I am sure that is the voice of *Billy Palmer*." They went to the spot, and found him lying on his back, and absolutely incapable of raising himself.

"A horse, Billy?" said Edwin; "for what do you want a horse?"

"To carry me off, to be sure!" he replied.

"Oh!" said Edwin, "we'll do that for you!" and accordingly they took him up, and placed him on the back of one of them.

"Ge ho!" cried Billy, when he was mounted, "I called for a horse, but now, like Joe Haines, I ride upon an *ass*, which does quite as well."

Dr. Johnson.

It is very well known, that, for some years antecedent to his death, Dr. Johnson, who had not perhaps in his early life been so temperate, scarcely drank any liquors but tea and lemonade: of these he used to take great quantities, and particularly of the latter, after dinner.

Being once upon a visit at the house of a gentleman, Mr. W. (which, we understand, is about a mile and a-half from Rickmansworth Herts) his propension respecting lemonade was attended to, and, as it was thought, a sufficient stock of materials provided: but such was the excellence of the fascinating beverage, that, as the poet says of appetite, the *thirst* of Johnson increased as glass succeeded glass. The *lemons* were at length exhausted, the doctor unsatisfied; therefore all that could be done was to send to Rickmansworth for more. Whether the servant went on horseback or on foot; whether, as Shakespeare observes, he flew like a lover, or, according to Fielding, marched like one of the horse-guards, we do not know; but we believe the doctor was of the latter opinion; for he became so extremely impatient, that Mr. W. was obliged at last to confess that he had sent to *town* as it was termed, for lemons.

"Sent for lemons," said Johnson peevishly. "What, sir, had you none in the house?"

"No more indeed, sir," said Mr. W. with great benignity.

"No more!" repeated Johnson: "then, sir, I say that you are improvident. A country-house, sir, like a great ship, should contain every thing that can be required within itself.

The Rev. Cæsar De Missey.

A lady who called on Mrs. de M. one morning, at her house in Bolsover-street, had a desire to view Mr. de Missey's library. Mr. de M. took much pleasure in attending her, and, which perhaps he considered as a compliment to his erudition, she seemed astonished at this vast assemblage of volumes; while, in consequence of that astonishment, she exclaimed,

Lord, Mr. de Missey! what an immense number of *books* you have! sure it is impossible that you can ever read them ALL."

"Madam," said De Missey, "*Solomon*, who was reckoned the wisest of mankind, had once *seven hundred wives* and *three hundred concubines*; but sure it was impossible that he could ever read them ALL.

THE MYSTERIOUS GUESTS.

ABOUT sixty years ago, two Englishmen one day arrived at Calais in the Dover packet. They did not take up their quarters at the hotel of Mons. Dessein, on whom the author of the Sentimental Journey bestowed such celebrity, but went to an obscure inn kept by a man of the name of Du Long. They desired to have his best apartments, spent a great deal of money, relished the produce of his wretched kitchen, and thought his adulterated wine perfectly genuine. From day to day Du Long supposed that they would continue their journey and proceed to the capital; for that they had come merely to see Calais was an idea too absurd to enter any body's head. But so far from continuing their journey and proceeding to the capital, they did not even inspect what was worth seeing at Calais; for except going out now and then to shoot snipes, they kept close at home, eating, drinking, and doing nothing.

"They may be spies," thought the host, "or runaways, or fools. No matter: what is that to me? They pay honestly." When he was sitting in an evening over a pint of wine with his neighbour and relation, the grocer, they used to rack their brains about the mysterious guests. "They are spies," said the grocer; "one of them squints with his left eye."

"A man may squint without being a spy," rejoined the host; "I should rather take them for runaways, for they read all my newspapers, probably for the sake of the advertisements." His kinsman then assured him that all Englishmen spend at least a twelfth part of their lives in reading newspapers. The conclusion to which they generally came was, that as the said foreigners were apparently neither spies nor runaways,

they could not possibly be any thing else than fools. Here the matter rested. In this opinion Du Long was still more confirmed when at the end of a few weeks one of his guests, an elderly man, thus addressed him: "Landlord," said he, "we like your house; and if you will acquiesce in a certain whim, it is probable that we might continue for a long time to spend our money with you."

"Your honours have only to give your commands; an inn-keeper is by profession the slave of all the whims that throng to him from all the four quarters of the globe."

"You have, to be sure," continued the Englishman, "had a prodigiously large beast painted on your sign; but your house is only a fly among inns; it scarcely contains three tolerable rooms, and unfortunately all of them look into the street. We are fond of rest; we want to sleep. Your watchman has a very loud voice, and the coaches roll the whole night along the street so as to make all the windows rattle. We wake every quarter of an hour to curse them, and fall asleep again to be again waked in another quarter of an hour. You must admit, my dear fellow, that this is enough to destroy our health and exhaust our patience."

The host shrugged his shoulders.—"How can it be helped?"

"Very easily," replied the stranger; "if you are not afraid of a little expence, in which we will go halves without requiring at our departure the smallest compensation."

Du Long, whose barren field had, since the arrival of the Englishmen, been daily fertilized with a shower of guineas, promised to do all that lay in his power to satisfy his worthy guests; but he could not prevent the rattling of the coaches and bellowing of the watchman.

"Neither is it necessary," answered the stranger. "Behind your house you have a little garden, though you are no lover of gardening; for, except a little parsley for your soups, I observe nothing in it but nettles. The old garden-wall, too, in spite of its thickness, is just ready to tumble. Suppose you were to make use of this space to run up a little building, a sort of pleasure house, even if it were to contain no more than a couple of rooms. It might be supported by the old wall, by which means a considerable part of the expence would be spared, and the wall itself would be propped up. As I just now mentioned, for the sake of a quiet lodging we would willingly defray one-half of the cost, and when we are gone the building will be yours. You will then have an additional couple of convenient rooms to let. If, on the other hand, you object to our proposal, we must leave you."

The host, however, had not the least objection, though he thought within himself—"My kinsman and I were right enough in concluding that these people were fools." He immediately sent for a bricklayer; the place was examined, and the English-

men described what they should like to have done. Joists and bricks were quickly brought; three light walls were quickly run up, the old garden wall formed the fourth, from which sloped a half roof; so that the whole looked more like a wood-house than an habitation: but the strangers were satisfied, and Du Long laughed in his sleeve.

Two months thus passed in mutual content; the golden spring flowed abundantly, though the wine grew worse and worse every day; the two Englishmen very seldom quitted their lodging, where they ate, drank, and read the newspapers. The only thing that surprized the landlord of the Golden Elephant was, that for the sake of nocturnal repose they had built a house for themselves, and that now he very often perceived a light the whole night through in their apartments. He once conjectured that they might be coiners; but as all the money they spent passed through his hands, and their guineas, after the most careful examination, were always found to be good, his kinsman and he had again no other alternative than to set them down for fools.

One fine day in autumn he saw them go out with their guns slung over their shoulders. They told him that they were going to take the diversion of snipe-shooting, and took leave of him for three days. The three days passed, and so did a fourth, but the strangers did not make their appearance. On the fifth, Du Long shook his head; on the sixth his kinsman began to shake his also; on the seventh this suspicious circumstance was communicated to the police; and on the eighth the deserted habitation was broken open with all the formalities of law. On the table was found a billet, the contents of which were as follow:—

“Dear landlord,—If you have any acquaintance with history, you must know that the English were once, during a period of two hundred and ten years, in possession of Calais; that they were at length driven out of it by the Duke of Guise, who treated them in the same manner as our Edward III. did the French, that is, drove them out of the town and seized all their effects. Not long since we were so fortunate as to discover in a chest full of old parchments, deeds which proved that one of our ancestors formerly possessed at Calais a large house, on the site of which three houses stand at present; yours is one of the three. When our ancestor was obliged to flee, he buried his gold and silver at the foot of a thick wall which is still in existence. Among his papers we found one which afforded satisfactory information respecting the situation of the building. We immediately repaired to Calais, and luckily found a public house on the spot so interesting to us; we took lodgings in it, examined every thing, and concerted measures to take possession of our lawful inheritance without exciting notice. In what manner we removed all obstacles is well known

to you. The great hole and the empty iron chest which you will find under the wall in our chamber, are proofs that we have been successful. We make you a present of the chest, and advise you to fill up the hole, and to give yourself no farther concern about us; all inquiries will be in vain, as the names we went by were only assumed. Farewel."

The landlord of the Golden Elephant stood stock still and with open mouth. His kinsman came; both looked at the hole and then at the empty chest, and then at one another, and agreed that the strangers were not such fools as they had taken them for.

CHURCH AND CHAPEL-GOING PARTIES.

To the Editor of the Panorama.

Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsi.

SIR,

April 26th, 1810.

EVERY reflecting reader will no doubt be shocked to hear what class of persons the motto I have chosen alludes to. Most sorry am I to say, that is but too applicable to the generality of those assembling for the purpose of divine worship! To see and to be seen appears the sentiment of almost all who enter the holy threshold, who, instead of directing their eyes towards the deity with humility, gratitude, benevolence, and charity, are gazing about to observe what portion of admiration they attract; to observe how far they outshine their neighbours in finery; and to ridicule, by significant sneers and whispers, the unsuccessful attempts of their rivals to vie with them.

Church and Chapel-going, as it is commonly called, has of late, to the honour of religion, become much the *fashion*; and surely it is highly gratifying to hear persons affirm, that they derive as much satisfaction and *amusement* in frequenting a chapel as they would in visiting a theatre; and there are many who are equally anxious to obtain a pew in the gallery, from which they may have a good view of the *performance*, as they would be in securing a commodious box at the play-house. All this may be considered very laudable, as being in conformity to the dictates of fashion; but surely as it affects the cause of morality and of virtue, it is highly reprehensible, and may be considered as a disgrace at once to our nation and to the religion we profess.

I have often thought, that the best remedy for the practices I have alluded to, would be to compel every person attending

divine service to be habited in a sort of livery, composed of the commonest materials;* and their conformity to this usage would indicate the sincerity with which they visited the house of God. It has frequently been proposed, that every person who frequented a place of worship with other intentions than the mere desire of seeing the shape of a bonnet, or the cut of a coat, should be allowed to have curtains to draw round their pew, in order to confine the accidental wandering of their thoughts, and to exclude the eyes of curiosity; but this admirable plan has been objected to, on the ground of its spoiling the beauty of the church, and obstructing the view. To the first of these objections I beg leave to ask, whether the beauty of a church is not full as much spoiled by the letting out of the vaults to brandy-merchants? and to the second, I submit, whether it is not rather advantageous than the contrary, that one part of the congregation should be obstructed from seeing the other?

I sincerely hope, in common with every other well-wisher to the cause of morality and piety, that one or other of the plans proposed may be carried into effect; and should the latter be deemed the most feasible one, I trust that the beauty of a building may not be considered as a matter of more importance than the purpose and express intention for which that building was erected.

STEPHANUS.

DRAMATIC PROFANENESS.

To the Editor.

SIR,

A FARCE,† about to be performed at our theatre, has lately been published, in which—*Damn it* occurs *twelve* times, and the *devil* is introduced on no less than *twenty-nine* occasions. In the representation, these *elegant* phrases‡ will still be more frequently repeated. It is surely, Sir, high time that such an *improper practice* should be rectified.

AN OBSERVER.

* This is (or was) actually the practice in the churches of Switzerland, whether Lutheran, Calvinistical, or Roman Catholic. The men were shrouded in a long black cloak, like the mourners at funerals, with a broad-brimmed hat, and wore or carried a long sword. The women wore black scarfs, which from their shoulders covered their lower extremities, and immense sable hoods, that effectually concealed their upper works; very beautiful young girls were, by their mothers, sometimes forced to wear black under caps, with broad ears, like the winkers of a horse; so that it was impossible for an ogle-master to get a peep at their faces.

† Hit or Miss.

‡ We once thought of levelling one of the great guns of Jeremiah Collier at these profane and senseless expletives: but upon the present occasion, we conceive that it is useless to waste ammunition against unresisting imbecility.

HELIGOLAND.

PROEM.

ALGAR AND SELMA, A DANISH TALE,

ATHWART, the clouds o'erhung the rocks,
 The ocean loudly roar'd,
 While dash'd with oft repeated shocks
 'Till shrieks from all on board.

Borne on the current of the gales,
 And echoed by the tides,
 As shivering hung a vessel's sails,
 And waves rush'd thro' her sides.

The vultures on each craggy height
 Scream'd, as the storm increas'd,
 And ravens wing'd their tow'ring flight,
 Where human clamours ceas'd.

Up started Algar from his cell,
 He snatch'd a burning brand;
 When, standing on the cliff, a yell
 Ascended from the strand.

The hermit Algar stood aghast;
 Yet did his bosom glow.
 "Alas!" he cried, "on shore is cast
 Some hapless child of woe!"

Fann'd by the gale, the billet blaz'd,
 The billows lash'd the land;
 Still wond'ring Algar eager gaz'd
 Upon the turbid sand.

The furious tempest's dreadful force,
 Long did the hermit brave,
 'Till, at the last, a female corse
 He rescued from the wave.

Lifeless it seem'd; he bore his prize
 Safe to his cavern'd cell,
 Where lovely Selma op'd her eyes.
 And cried, "In heaven I dwell!"

"I late have pass'd the mortal bourn,
 No more have I to fear;
 Nor should I have one cause to mourn,
 Were but my Algar here."

Amazement seiz'd the hermit's frame,
 As health her charms display'd ;
 He saw at once " the fair-hair'd dame,"
 His lovely *blue-eyed maid*.

" Did I," he cried, " my Selma save ?
 Away with doubts and fear,
 For, rescued from her wat'ry grave,
 My *blue-eyed maid* is here."

THERE is no species of literature that more strongly elicits the energy of a poetical mind, or raises in a greater degree the fantastic images of an ardent imagination, than the works of the poets of the North, which may be said to glow in the desert, as do fires dispersed amongst mountains of their native ice. In those metaphorical glaciers the flames of their genius seem to be reflected, their ideal forms to be increased, and a long, long train of intellectual images to arise and vanish, like the celestial constellations whose appearance and recession the Eastern Magi are supposed to have hailed with songs of joy, and shouts of triumph, or to have lamented with solemn dirges and sublime orisons.

" Among the monuments remaining of the ancient state of nations," (says Dr. Blair*) " few are more valuable than their poems or songs. History, when it treats of remote and dark ages is seldom very instructive. The beginnings of society in every country are involved in fabulous confusion; and though they were not, would furnish few events worth recording. But in every period of society human manners are a curious spectacle, and the most ancient pictures of ancient manners are exhibited in the ancient poems of nations."

Of these he alludes to instances in the Runic poems of *Lodbrug*,† and produces examples, from the more polished verses of *Ossian*. We mention these circumstances merely to introduce our opinion, that there is in the transactions of the Scandinavian tribes the true spirit of poetry and romance, and to observe, that these seem to be intimately connected with the early state of Denmark. On this basis the introductory poem to this article is erected. In the fabulous ages, saith the legend, *Algar*, a Danish prince and pirate, characters not then incompatible, fell in love with *Selma*, the daughter of his monarch, who refused to grant the young lady to his supplications. Eu-

* In his Critical Dissertation on the Poems of *Ossian*.

† A king of Denmark, who lived in the eighth century.

raged at this indignity, the lover retired to Holy Island,* and there assuming the character of a hermit, lived in seclusion. Selma, who entertained so strong a passion for Algar as he did for her, resolved to follow him. She privately, therefore, procured a vessel, left the palace of her father, sailed, was overtaken by a dreadful storm, the vessel dashed against the rocks of Holy Island, sunk, but she was rescued from the waves by her beloved Algar. The joy of the father of Selma at this her fortunate preservation was equal to what had been his distraction for her loss: Algar was restored to favour, rewarded with her hand, and the island which had been his retreat ever after termed Holy.

Such is the legend; from the height of which it is now time to descend into the vale of common sense, and observe, that

Heligoland, is an island in the North Sea, of about nine miles in circumference, and situate, N. W. by N. eight leagues from the mouth of the Elbe. From the West it appears a reddish coloured rock, terminating in a point, but flat on the top. There is a tradition, that, about the year 800, a great part of this island was overflowed, and swallowed by the sea. Other inundations are recorded to have happened in the years 1300, 1500, and, lastly, in 1649. Such was then the marine encroachment, that but a small part of the original rocks were to be seen. It is still, however, divided into *Kilf* and *Duhnem*, or high and low land. Its products are barley and oats, but not in quantities sufficient for the consumption of its inhabitants, who chiefly subsist by fishing. The uplands afford pasture for about sixty cows, and as many sheep. On the apex of the western rock, the Hamburgers have erected a light-house, or beacon. Since the year 1727, the downs have been separated from the rest of the island by a channel of sufficient depth for tolerable sized vessels. The inhabitants are descended from the ancient Frisians, or, more correctly speaking, the Scandinavians. Their number is about 2000, who still retain very considerable vestiges of their original laws, customs, and manners. They are much employed in conducting ships up the Elbe, the Weser, and the Eyder. Near this island, which in 1714 was annexed to the crown of Denmark, was lost the Proserpine frigate, commanded by the Hon. T. Grenville, who with the crew were saved.

In the year 1807, Heligoland was seized by the British forces, and was, indeed, at that critical period, the only medium by which this kingdom had a communication with the Continent of Europe.†

* Heligoland.

† A nautical, and consequently more particularly and professionally useful, account of this island, is given in Malham's Naval Gazetteer.

LE COMMANDEUR DE SILLERY.

AS this knight of Malta, who was ambassador from France to the Pope, was one day walking with the Venetian ambassador, in the square before the beautiful church of the Gesu, at Rome, (where it appears there is always air, even in the hottest day of summer,) he said to him, "What an odd thing it is that there should be always something of a breeze here; can your excellency account for it?"—"Perfectly well," replied the Venetian, "upon a tradition that has been long current in this city. The devil and the wind were one day walking together in the streets of Rome, when coming to the Jesuits college, in this place, the devil said to the wind, 'Pray be so good as to stay here a minute or two, I have a word to say to these good fathers within.' The devil, as the story goes, never returned to his companion, who has been waiting ever since for him at the door."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

THIS great man, from his infancy, shewed a strong inclination for painting, and made so rapid a progress in it, that he is said, at the age of fourteen, to have been able to correct the drawing of his master Dominico Gillandai. When he was an old man one of these drawings being shewn to him, he modestly said, "In my youth I was a better artist than I am now."

His quickness of eye was wonderful: he used to say, that a sculptor should carry his compass in his eye; "The hands, indeed," he said, "do the work, but the eye judges."

Of his power of eye he was so certain, that having once ordered a block of marble to be brought to him, he told the stone-cutter to cut away some particular parts of the marble, and to polish others. Very soon an exquisite figure starts out from the block. The stone-cutter looked amazed; "My friend," says Micheal Angelo, "what do you think of it now?" "I hardly know what to think of it," answered the astonished mechanic; "it is a very fine figure, to be sure. I have infinite obligations to you, Sir, for thus making me discover in myself a talent which I never knew I possessed."

Angelo, full of the great and sublime ideas of his art, lived very much alone, and never suffered a day to pass without handling his chissel or his pencil. When some person reproached him with living so melancholy and solitary a life, he said, "Art is a jealous thing; it requires the whole and entire man."

NOSE VERSUS EYES:

With the Motion for a new Trial.

MOST of our readers must be well acquainted with Cowper's "Report of an adjudged case, not to be found in any of the books." The following trifle will be seen to be a continuation, or rather imitation, of that humorous piece: As it may be convenient, for the purpose of comparison, to have the *jeu d'esprit* of Cowper at hand, we introduce it in the first place.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose—

The spectacles set them unhappily wrong—

The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,

To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the case

With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;

While chief baron Ear sat to balance the case,

So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,

And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find

That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,

Which amounts to possession, time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court,

Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle

As wide as the ridge of the nose is; in short,

Design'd to sit close to it, just like the saddle.

Again: would your lordship a moment suppose

('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)

That the visage or countenance had not a nose?—

Pray who could, or who would, wear spectacles then?

On the whole, it appears, and my argument shews,

What a reasoning the court will never condemn,

That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,

And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,

He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;

But what were his arguments few people know,

For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,

Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,

That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,

By day-light or candle-light, Eyes should be shut.

NOSE REFUTED,

OR LIPS MOVING FOR A NEW TRIAL.

"Audi alteram partem."

"In the cause at last sessions of Nose *versus* Eyes,
It will clearly appear, my lord, Eyes suffered wrong :
That mistakes from a pressure of business will rise,
Must be surely allowed by my learned friend Tongue.

"Eyes now are awaken'd to see their distress,
And the loss they'll lament, too, as long as they live,
Of the grace and the wisdom they used to possess,
And all the grave dignity spectacles give.

"My learned friend says they are made with a straddle :
But what does this prove ? though the fact may be so ;
Does the horse or the ass claim the right to the saddle,
Because it fits close to his back ? surely no !

"Let your lordship imagine no eyes to a face
(For my learned friend's instance is here just inverted,)
Are spectacles worn or put on in this case ?
Not a nose in all Europe would dare to assert it.

"That may client the Eyes may give way to a nap
With the spectacles on, is past all contradiction
But your lordship must see, this occurs through mishap :
That they're wilfully closed, is my learned friend's fiction.

"Will your lordship but turn to 5th Edward the Third—
An act which undoubtedly settles the question,
And which shews that new trials were granted and heard
Of less moment than this, and less weighty digestion.

"Before I conclude, I appeal to the court—
And your lordship will surely my argument grant—
That the action commenced through an envious retort ;
For the Nose, as a nose, cannot spectacles want."

So his lordship cried hem ! and then stroked down his face ;
And when all the court re-considered it o'er,
They wished well to the plaintiff, they pitied his case,
But could no new trial the cause to restore.

Yet, to make up all diff'rence, his lordship proposed—

That Eyes in this case no advantage might lack—

“ That a glass should be fixed, where the buttons were closed,
By a ribbon suspended, blue, yellow, or black.

“ That this shall be deemed the sole right of the Eyes,
To them and their farthest descendants for ever,
With all the immunities thence to arise,
To quiz or to stare through, look clumsy or clever.”

MEMOIR OF MR. COBBETT.

THE public have seldom been presented with a more inimitable piece of biography than the life of Mr. Cobbett, written by himself. It is at once vigorous and pleasing, and characterized by that national eloquence, and nervous humour, which distinguish Mr. Cobbett above all the writers of the day. It is with great satisfaction we make the following extract:—

“ With respect to my ancestors, (says Mr. Cobbett) I shall go no further back than my grandfather, and for this plain reason, that I never heard talk of any prior to him. He was a day-labourer; and I have heard my father say, that he worked for one farmer from the day of his marriage to that of his death, upwards of forty years. He died before I was born, but I have often slept beneath the same roof that sheltered him; and where his widow dwelt for several years after his death. It was a little thatched cottage, with a garden before the door. It had but two windows; a damson-tree shaded one, and a clump of filberts the other. Here I and my brothers went every Christmas and Whitsuntide to spend a week or two, and torment the poor old woman with our noise and dilapidations. She used to give us milk and bread for breakfast, an apple-pudding for our dinner, and a piece of bread and cheese for supper. Her fire was made of turf, cut from the neighbouring heath, and her evening light was a rush dipped in grease.

“ How much better is it thus to tell the naked truth, than to descend to such miserable shifts as Dr. Franklin has had recourse to, in order to persuade people that his forefathers were men of wealth and consideration. Not being able to refer his reader to the herald's office for proofs of the fame and antiquity of his family, he appeals to the etymology of his name, and points out a passage in an obsolete book, whence he has the conscience to insist on our concluding, that, in the old English language, a *Franklin* meant a man of good reputation, and of consequence. According to Dr. John.

son, a Franklin was what we now call a gentleman's steward or land-bailiff, a personage one degree above a bum-bailiff, and that's all.

"Every one will, I hope, have the goodness to believe that my grandfather was no philosopher. Indeed he was not. He never made a lightning rod, nor bottled up a single quart of sun-shine in the whole course of his life. He was no almanack-maker, nor quack, nor chimney-doctor, nor soap-boiler, nor ambassador, nor printer's-devil: neither was he a deist, and all his children were born in wedlock. The legacies he left, were his scythe, his reap-hook, and his flail; he bequeathed no old and irrecoverable debts to an hospital; he never *cheated the poor during his life, nor mocked them in his death*. He has, it is true, been suffered to sleep quietly beneath the green sward; but, if his descendants cannot point to his statue over the door of a library, they have not the mortification to hear him daily accused of having been a whoremaster, a hypocrite, and an infidel.

"My father, when I was born, was a farmer. The reader will easily believe, from the poverty of his parents, that he had received no very brilliant education; he was, however, learned for a man in his rank of life. When a little boy, he drove plough for two-pence a day; and these his earnings, were appropriated to the expences of an evening school. What a village schoolmaster could be expected to teach, he had learnt; and had, besides, considerably improved himself in several branches of the mathematics; he understood land-surveying well, and was often chosen to draw the plans of disputed territory: in short, he had the reputation of possessing experience and understanding, which never fails in England, to give a man in a country place, some little weight with his neighbours. He was honest, industrious, and frugal: it was not therefore wonderful, that he should be situated in a good farm, and happy in a wife of his own rank, like him, beloved and respected.

"So much for my ancestors, from whom, if I derive no honour, I derive no shame.

"I had (and I hope I yet have) three brothers; the eldest is a shop-keeper; the second a farmer, and the youngest, if alive, is in the service of the Hon. East India Company, a private soldier, perhaps, as I have been in the service of the King. I was born on the 9th of March 1766: the exact age of my brothers, I have forgotten: but I remember having heard my mother say, that there was but three years and three quarters difference between the age of the eldest and that of the youngest.

"A father like ours, it will be readily supposed, did not suffer us to eat the bread of idleness. I do not remember the time when I did not earn my living. My first occupation was,

driving the small birds from the turnip-seed, and the rooks from the pease. When I first trudged a field, with my wooden bottle and my satchel swung over my shoulders, I was hardly able to climb the gates and stiles; and at the close of the day, to reach home, was a task of infinite difficulty. My next employment was weeding wheat, and leading a single horse at harrowing barley. Hoeing pease followed, and hence I arrived at the honour of joining the reapers in harvest, driving the team, and holding a plough. We were all of us strong and laborious, and my father used to boast, that he had four boys, the eldest of whom was but fifteen years old, who did as much work as any three men in the parish of Farnham. Honest pride and happy days!

"I have some faint recollection of going to school to an old woman, who, I believe, did not succeed in learning me my letters. In the winter evenings my father learnt us all to read and write, and gave us a tolerable knowledge of arithmetic. Grammar he did not perfectly understand himself, and therefore his endeavours to learn us that necessarily failed; for though he thought he understood it, and though he made us get the rules by heart, we learnt nothing at all of the principles.

"Our religion was that of the Church of England, to which I have ever remained attached; the more so, perhaps, as it bears the name of my country.

"As to politics, we were like the rest of the country people in England; that is to say, we neither knew nor thought any thing about the matter. The shouts of victory, or the murmurs at a defeat, which now and then break in upon our tranquillity for a moment: but I do not remember ever having seen a newspaper in the house; and, most certainly, that privation did not render us less industrious, happy, or free.

"After, however, the American war had continued for some time, and the cause and nature of it began to be understood, or rather misunderstood, by the lower classes of the people in England, we became a little better acquainted with subjects of this kind. It is well known, that the people were, as to numbers, nearly equally divided in their opinions, concerning that war, and their wishes respecting the result of it. My father was a partizan of the Americans: he used frequently to dispute on the subject, with the gardener of a nobleman who lived near us. This was generally done with good humour over a pot of our best ale; yet the disputants sometimes grew warm, and gave way to language that could not fail to attract our attention. My father was worsted without doubt, as he had for an antagonist, a shrewd and sensible old Scotchman, far his superior in political knowledge; but he pleaded before a partial audience: we thought there was but one wise man in the world, and that that one was our father. He who

pleaded the cause of the Americans had an advantage, too, with young minds: he had only to represent the King's troops as sent to cut the throats of a people, our friends and relations, merely because they would not submit to oppression; and his cause was gained. Speaking to the passions, is ever sure to succeed on the uninformed.

"Men of integrity are generally pretty obstinate, in adhering to an opinion once adopted. Whether it was owing to this, or to the weakness of Mr. Martin's arguments, I will not pretend to say; but he never could make a convert of my father; he continued an American, and so staunch a one, that he would not have suffered his best friend to drink success to the King's arms at his table. I cannot give the reader a better idea of his obstinacy in this respect, and of the length to which this difference in sentiment was carried in England, than by relating the following instance:

"My father used to take one of us with him every year, to the great hop-fair at Wey-hill. The fair was held at Old Michaelmas-tide, and the journey was, to us, a sort of reward for the labours of the summer. It happened to be my turn to go thither, the very year that Long Island was taken by the British. A great company of hop-merchants and farmers were just sitting down to supper as the post arrived, bringing in the *Extraordinary Gazette*, which announced the victory. A hop-factor from London took the paper, placed his chair upon the table, and began to read with an audible voice. He was opposed, a dispute ensued, and my father retired, taking me by the hand, to another apartment, where we supped with about a dozen others of the same sentiments. Here Washington's health, and success to the Americans, were repeatedly toasted, and this was the first time, as far as I can recollect, that I ever heard the General's name mentioned. Little did I then dream that I should ever see the man, and still less, that I should hear some of his own countrymen reviling and execrating him.

"Let not the reader imagine, that I wish to assume any merit from this mistaken prejudice of an honoured and beloved parent. Whether he was right or wrong, is not now worth talking about: that I had no opinion of my own is certain; for, had my father been on the other side, I should have been on the other side too; and should have looked upon the company I then made a part of, as malcontents and rebels. I mention these circumstances merely to shew that I was not "nursed in the lap of Aristocracy," and that I did not imbibe my principles, or prejudices, from those who were the advocates of blind submission. If my father had any fault, it was not being submissive enough, and I am much afraid, my acquaintance have but too often discovered the same fault in his son."

It would be unjust to make any further extract from this

admirable piece of biography, which is published as a pamphlet. We earnestly recommend the whole to the perusal of the reader.

AN ESSAY ON NOVELS.

To the Editor of the Panorama.

SIR,

I AM a great reader of novels, and, as they afford me entertainment in a way rather different from the usual, I beg to communicate my observations.

The ladies, I observe, are often downright parsons. Cecilia and Evelina both preach and lecture; and, what is worse, not with the pretty lisp of Miss Byron. As for Clarissa, she is a school-mistress; or at least, has an old head upon young shoulders. The only natural elegant girl I know, is Surr's Lady Emily; but neither he nor any of the rest give us any hoydens. No, no, there is no munching of apples, and "have a bite;" no bagging of beds; no half-bawling whisper of "Don't tell me;" no ratling down stairs, and pushing each other forward; no skipping into the room. Their girls in general are not tittering things; their heads full of nonsense; and Pa's and Ma's never have the head-ache through intolerable noise, or are teased with their sulkiness.

In the description of beauty, I find too, that the girls are all fair; all shoulder-of-mutton complexions, and dead-fish eyes. They cut the fine majestic brunette. No lark-heels are particularized; no notice is taken of the physiological fact, that the nymph-like form scarcely lasts but from seventeen to twenty-two, and that afterwards the shoulders begin to square, and the haunches to be prominent and mountainous; nor is it noted, that soon after the last period, they often begin to carry a portly abdomen.

I observe, that in novels, people have no appetites. They take indeed long walks, but not a word is said of their becoming hungry, though all this is very natural. They do, it is true, partake of an elegant refreshment, but it is always in a mincing petty way: a man might cry "You don't eat" over and over again, till his lungs were cracked; he would stand no more chance of being heard, than a whistle would have in a storm. Miss and master are staring at each other; as if they don't stare, they do worse, squint; which in their language, is called glancing. At last down goes a tumbler of beer, out comes the handkerchief, such rubbing and scrubbing. "Maria!" says Mamma, with a grave and reprehensive look.

One important incident is also uniformly omitted in novels.

I mean little sister Betsy running into the drawing-room, full of morning-visitors, with "Mamma, I saw Mr. Sigh kiss Miss Horse-shoe in the garden;" nor Q in the corner, the stiff formal young man in the window-seat, smothering a horse-laugh; and the entry of Miss Horse-shoe, ignorantly and innocently running up to him, with "Pig-tail, what are you laughing at?" and the tremendous burst which follows. Mr. Sigh does not, of course, laugh it off like a man of the world, for that would be unnovel-like; but suffers the most melancholy sensations on account of poor Miss Horse-shoe—Feeling soul!

In the development of their mutual sensations, what a hurly-burly ensues! I copy an existing novel.—Two constables, a couple of deep and long-drawn sighs, like the city-marshals on Lord Mayor's day, advance and clear the road; then follow in procession, alarm, confusion, starting from seats, amazement, inability to speak or move, and trembling expectation. After all this, one would naturally expect, that the next thing we should hear, would be that a blood-vessel had burst, and that the doctor was sent for; no, no such thing; they fly, they rush into each other's arms; yes, they do, and I have been told, that the concussion of their two noddles, which sometimes most unfortunately clash through this violent and dangerous gesture, has produced raptures indeed, but not of the most graceful kind, such as hopping about the room, &c.

In their lovers there is no inconstancy; there are no Inkles. Girls without fortunes do as well as those with them; horse-radish without beef, the cloth without the pudding. All this is very generous and very noble; people in this world have no necessity for eating, it is only a bad fashion for the good of butchers: this they ought to insist upon; but very wrongly do they take different measures, even dangerous ones. One-half of the peers of this kingdom are bigamists, having one wife in a novel and another in the world; what *scandalum magnatum*! Then again they take one-half of the estates of the kingdom from their right owners, and give them to people whom nobody ever heard of. How many suits in chancery do or may result from this violent propensity to dispose of other people's property, I cannot tell; but I am sure, that it requires the notice of parliament. It is indeed a tremendous grievance. A person who had a fine estate in Dorsetshire, might find that he had been indulging all this while in a reverie, and become insane. Besides, it affects the interests of mortgagees and annuitants.

I find too what the novelists are pleased to call incident, is neither more nor less than *rouing*. All parties must *rou*, or they are not fit characters for novels. They *rou* methodically, gradually, or more and more, till the last chapter but one:

"Then is a universal hubbub wild,
And tumult and confusion all embroil'd."

But the lucky dog of a lover, in the next chapter, like Satan,

"Springs upward like a pyramid of fire
Into the wild expanse; and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd, wins his girl."

Matrimony of course follows: now this in novels is not punch, a mixture of acids, &c. but always sugar-candy: miseries enough before, but marriage, in the world of novels, puts an end to all human evils. Eternal health! no children that die! no cheating servants! no spiteful neighbours! no bad debts! no stray glances of Mr. Husband at a pretty maid! no pouting of madam! no family-disputes about the division of a legacy or an estate! No, no: the gift of Dunmow bacon is stopped in good time, or there would not be a rasher left in the kingdom for money: it would be all for love; that which, according to novels, is the sole object of human existence.

Your's, &c.

T. C. D.

FASHIONABLE REVIEW.

THE reign of Fashion is so omnipotent, that it is unnecessary to insist upon the interest with which a REVIEW of her fantastic and varying evolutions must be received. The conductors of this Miscellany have only to observe, that this department will be rendered peculiarly interesting, by the exactness of the Fashionable delineation in the accompanying plates, as well as by the variety and fullness of the descriptions.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

A Group of Female figures in evening or opera dresses.—The erect figure represents a female in a robe *à la Russe*, of spring green velvet, with appliqued stomacher and slashed long sleeve of white satin, ornamented with pearl. A Mirza turban of frosted satin, with large pearl crescent in front. White satin mantle, trimmed with gossamer down, and confined in front of the throat with a diamond broach. Diamond necklace and ear-rings. White satin slippers, laced and bound with silver. White kid gloves, and fan of carved ivory.

Sitting Figure.—A white satin slip *à l'antique*, trimmed with gothic lace; long sleeve, full at the top, with cuffs to correspond with the style of the dress. Laced stomacher front, peaked both behind and before at the bottom of the waist. Hair in the eastern style, confined with a comb ornamented

with pink topaz, and flowing in loose irregular curls over the bands in front. Ear-rings and necklace of pink topaz. Pink satin slippers, with silver gothic clasps. White crape fan, wrought in silver jessamine.

Figure in the shade.—A Grecian frock of Aurora gauze, worn over white satin, laced from the bosom to the feet with silver. A nun's veil of gossamer net lace, thrown over a head-dress, consisting of a silver *bandeau*, confining the hair, which appears beneath in dishevelled curls.

Fashions for Gentlemen.—*Full dress.*—Superfine corbeau colour coat, with covered buttons; white marcella waistcoat, single-breasted; light sage green, or cream-coloured kerseymere breeches; also those of black florentine silk are very fashionable and consistent in this style of dress. Dark blue coats, with plain gilt buttons, are likewise considered fashionable. The cravat is still worn high and full.

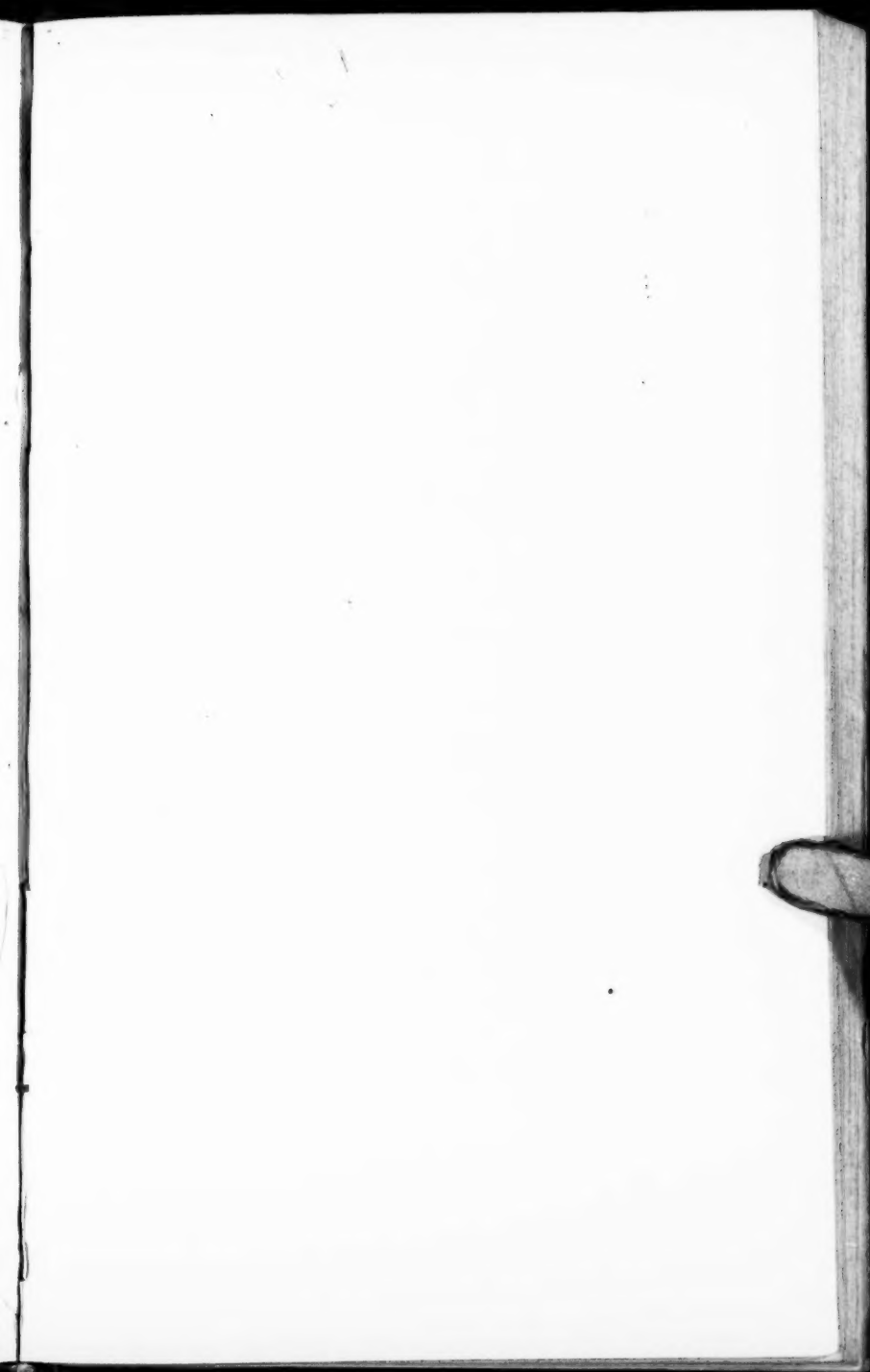
Morning dress consists chiefly of dark-coloured mixed coats, with long waits, and narrow lappels and collars: the coat cut very high in the neck. Double-breasted striped waistcoats, formed of various materials, such as marcellas, buff kerseymere, &c. Ribbed kerseymere breeches, with high-top boots; also plain stocking pantaloons, with half-boots. Pearl buttons are a fashionable appendage to this style of *male costume*.

General Observations.—There can be no doubt that the female dress of the present day is in much better taste than that of any former period. A fashionable assembly, from the variety it presents to the eye, seems like a masquerade collection of the costume of the different nations of the world. This is as it should be. In a country whose very existence depends upon commerce, and the object of whose speculations is to draw together the productions of every quarter of the globe, it seems quite consistent, that the dress of its inhabitants should bear some analogy to the spirit of its pursuits; and surely, as far as taste is concerned, this mode is far preferable to that dull, monotonous, unvaried system, in which every member of a party, like the shrubs of Timon's villa, is the exact counterpart of her companion.

"Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,

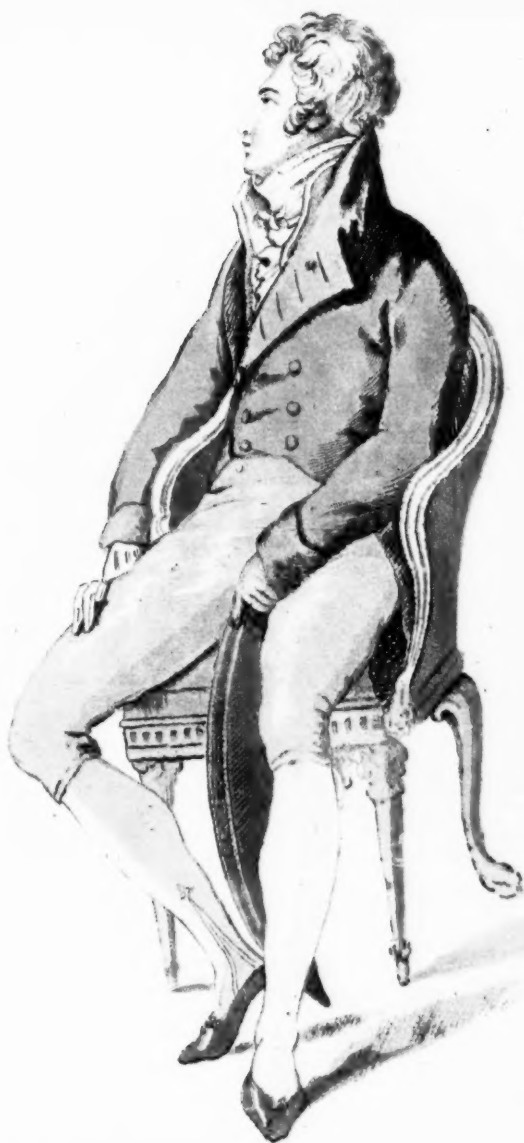
"And half the platform just reflects the other."

It is of importance, however, that propriety should in some measure regulate the vagaries of fancy, and that the dress of every actor in this gay and varied scene, besides being in harmony with the character of the wearer, should be consistent with itself. I would not have the sentiment of religion and festivity mingled in the same person, nor the warm garments of the fur-clad inhabitants of the north, united to the light and gossamer-like drapery of the eastern nations. A Carmelite tippet will ill accord with a Circassian head-dress, a Spanish



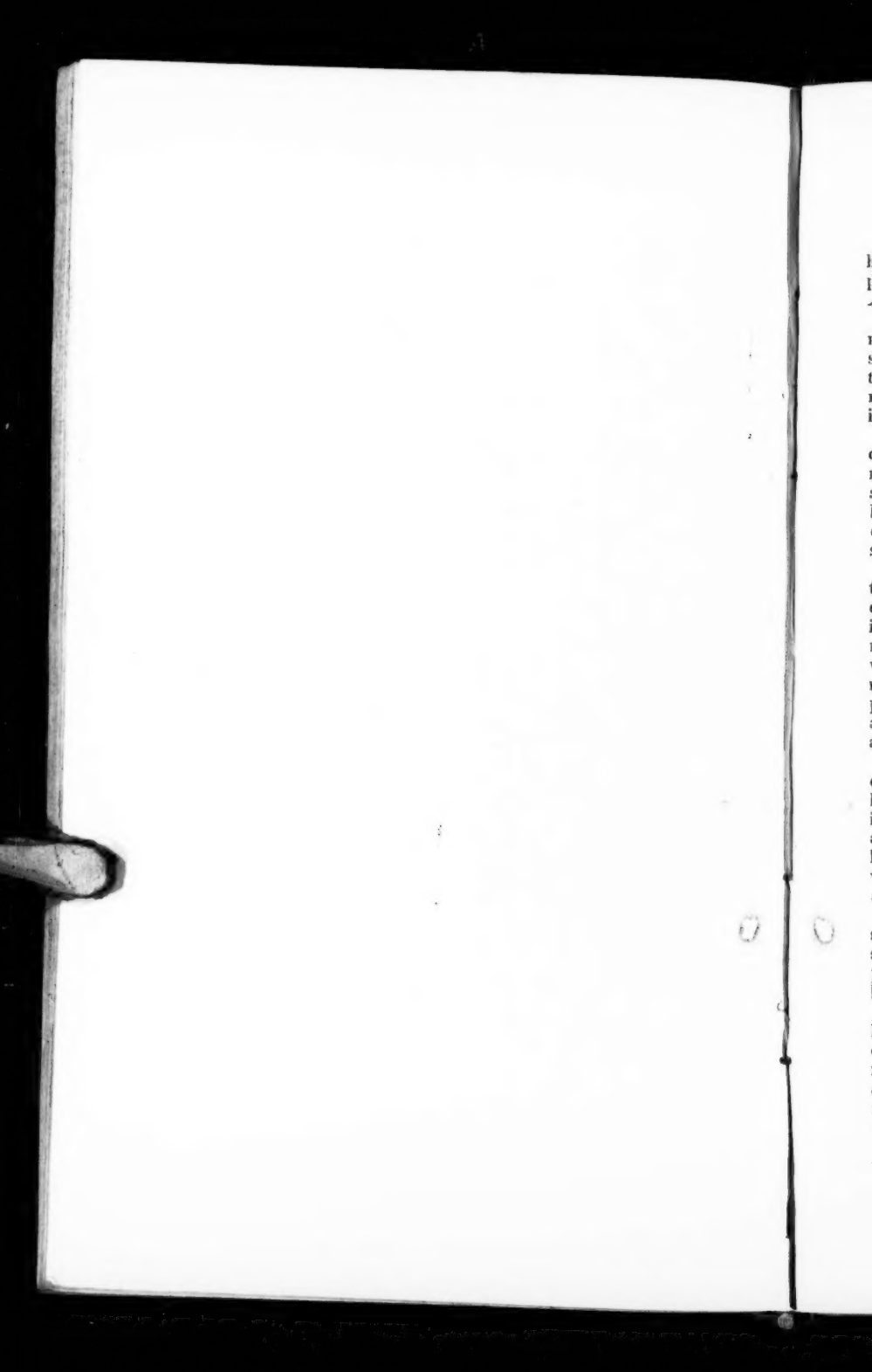


LADIES EVENING or OPERA DRESS.



FULL DRESS of a GENTLEMAN.

Engraved for the MONTHLY PANORAMA & Published by W. BOURKE, 37 Nassau St. 2 Doors from Grafton St. Dublin.



hat with a cottage cloak, or the cockle slouch of the bare-footed pilgrim with robes that indicate gaiety and pleasure.

A description of Dresses worn by Ladies of fashion and rank.

1. *Evening dress.*—A robe of amaranthus figured sarsnet, made to sit high in the neck, with a full cuff of lace; long sleeves with short loose tops trimmed with swansdown. A turban of amaranthus crape and velvet. Gold brooch and ear-rings. Swansdown muff. White kid gloves and shoes. Hair in light ringlet curls.

2. *Evening dress.*—A round dress of white muslin made high over the bosom, with short sleeves trimmed with lace, and ornamented round the bottom with three rows of small tucks. A spotted ermine tippet. A cap composed of fluted satin and lace, bound in tight to the head, and ornamented with a full bunch of apple blossom. Ear-rings and brooch of gold. Gloves and shoes of white kid. Hair in light round curls.

3. A peach-colour train satin dress, with long sleeves trimmed at the wrist, with two rows of Mechlin lace falling over the hand; the bosom of the gown is let in with white crape in folds crossed in the centre like a handkerchief, with a diamond brooch; it is made sufficiently high on the neck to wear without any other covering. The bottom of the dress is ornamented with two rows of lace, full, in the style of a flounce placed one above the other; a band of lace confines the waist; a light lace veil thrown over the head, with a half wreath of almond blossom completes this truly elegant dress.

4. A black lace dress worn over a white satin or lemon-coloured slip. This dress is made by twisting a broad cloak lace round the figure, lightly tacked together without cutting, in the style of the lace sleeves; by which means a most elegant and valuable dress is formed on a very economical plan, as the lace will turn afterwards to any other purpose. A crimson foil wreath worn on the head, white sleeves and gloves, with diamond and pearl ornaments.

5. A white lace dress wreathed round the figure, in the same manner as the above, over a pale pink, or plum-coloured satin slip, with pink topaz, or amethysts, is beyond all comparison the most fascinating dress that has for the last month fallen under our observation.

6. A grass green mantle, formed of a half square of cloth, hanging in a point behind one corner, falling over the arm, the other cut off square on the bosom, of which a small collar is made, bound round with a very broad velvet, on which is laid a grass green gymp trimming, which gives the effect of a double row of velvet; it is tied at the throat with the gymp trimming.

7. A blue satin wrap spenser, trimmed at the wrist, round the collar, and across the bosom with swansdown; a quilted satin bonnet to correspond.

8. A figured blue sarsnet pelisse, short and lined with pink; the back and shirt in one, plaits laid under the back on each side the waist, which give to the gore an easy fulness, and prevents the too great exposure of the shape, now no longer considered as fashionable. A small bonnet with flower to correspond, and short black lace veil.

General Observations and Reflections on Fashion and Dress.

But little change has taken place in the style of dress since our last communications. The season is too far advanced for variety, and it is as yet too early for the introduction of novelty. Much taste and fancy have, however, been displayed in the assortment of colours. We noticed on a lady of high rank, a dead leaf coloured sarsnet mantle, made short, with a large hood thrown open, tied with ribband; the cloak was lined with pink Persian, and ornamented at the edges with a satin vandyke ribband. The bonnet to correspond. On another, a mantle of drab-coloured velvet, lined with pink, and a plain satin ribband round the edge. And on a third, a mantle of green sarsnet, lined with orange. On her head she wore a turban bonnet, composed of folds of orange and green sarsnet. Pelisses begin to be worn short, in satin, trimmed with black lace. They are no longer made to cling so close to the shape behind, but are rendered far more easy, elegant, and graceful, by laying two plaits under the back on each side; they are confined by bands of the same, or of gold, or black velvet. Spencers are likewise of very fashionable adoption, in satin or rich figured sarsnet; during the cold weather they have been worn trimmed with swansdown.

White chip hats are just introduced in the circles of fashion, and we have considerable reason to suppose, that as the summer advances they will entirely take place of the straw bonnets. We cannot say too much in praise of them, though it is scarcely necessary to say any thing, as their delicate and elegant simplicity will doubtless sufficiently recommend them.

No change, whatever, during the last month, has taken place in the formation of morning dresses; they are still made high in the neck with long sleeves and collar, or no collar, according to the fancy of the wearer. Jaconet muslin seems to have the preference in this rank of dress; it is variously ornamented with lace or worked muslin. Lace or muslin lappet caps, with fancy velvet flowers are in great estimation.

For dinner or afternoon dresses, stuffs, sarsnets, velvets, and cloths continue to be worn, made just above the rise of the bosom, and laced up the back, which is of correspondent height with the front. Long sleeves and quarter trains are universal. Bands for the waist, with gem clasps. In full or evening dress, the gowns are made with the utmost simplicity, in the frock form. White satin seems to have a decided preference, but figured sarsnets, embroidered crapes, gossamer

nets, imperial gauze, Spanish bombazeens with black and white lace over white satin, are all seen on ladies of the first distinction. The lace, or worked muslin handkerchief, is still a much approved covering for the neck, thrown negligently over the dress. Gold nets or bands, foil flowers or wreaths, with lace veils and handkerchiefs, are the present style of ornament for the head. Velvet flowers are in the greatest estimation, although not so appropriate to the season, nor do they accord best with the present state of the atmosphere.

It would be an endless task to endeavour to describe the formation of the various bonnets worn at this season, as they are the effect of individual taste rather than belonging to any prevailing fashion. Cottage bonnets, though confessedly simple and becoming, are now of too general adoption to be any longer worn by women of fashion. The Guadaloupe and Paris hats, with the Retreat or Malmaison bonnet, have succeeded to them, worn over a French lace cap, ornamented with a small bunch of apple or almond blossom. Bouquets are much worn in the blossom, and strange to say, the nettle blossom is a favourite flower, mixed with the pink or yellow rose.

No material change has taken place in the mode of wearing the hair; the hind part is brought forward, the ends are curled, and form a full tuft on the left side, after the Persian manner. Gold bands, studded with coloured gems, are the newest ornament. Small lace handkerchiefs, placed very far back on the head, with bunches of blossom flowers continue to be much worn, but they are considered too simple a style of dress for the Opera or crowded assembly; bands, tiaras of Indian feathers, Turkish handkerchiefs embroidered in silver or gold, interspersed with various coloured gems, forming sprigs and flowers, with foil wreaths and sprays, are here the most appropriate. A band of pearls in the centre of the forehead, with a clasp of diamonds or precious stones, and a light silver handkerchief thrown lightly over the head, forms a most fascinating head-dress; we know of nothing so becoming to a pretty woman.

The prevailing colours for the season are *jouquille*, grass, and apple green, peach bloom, pale blue, rose, lavender, dead-leaf, drab, orange, and violet. The most fashionable mixtures, dead leaf and lilac, blue shot with pink, orange and green, green and brown, pink and drab, purple and green.

No new invention has appeared in shoes, the season of *Leut*, indeed, is seldom productive of novelties of any kind. In full-dress, white satin, figured silk, or kid slippers, trimmed with silver, can never be surpassed; some of our more dashing *belles* still adhere to Grecian sandal, but in order to give this effect, the petticoat must be shorter, consequently the ankle more exposed than seems consistent with strict modesty. Half boots of *banken* calashed to correspond with the *pelisse* or mantle, are

very general ; it is needless to observe that the fur is laid aside : in carriages we observe that pale green, jonquille, and light blue prevail.

The difficulty of procuring French gloves, we suppose, has been the means of confining our *belles* to the white kid glove in full-dress, and the pale Limerick for walking.

The fashion for jewellery remains unchanged. Necklaces in wrought gold and Ceylon gems, pearl chains, and coloured crosses of amethysts, emeralds, amber, pink topaz, diamonds, and pearls with girdles, brooches, and bracelets, bands for the hair, and coloured clasps, are variously selected by the graceful fair.

Embroidery in silk, chenille, worsted, gold, and silver, will continue to be much worn during the spring. Plain trimmings of gold and silver begin to be laid aside. Caps in velvet or satin are much ornamented with gold and silver cords and tassels.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Conductors of THE PANORAMA, aware of the importance of Literary Intelligence, not only to Professors, but to the General Reader, are resolved to render this department of their Miscellany more comprehensive and instructive than any article of the kind that appears in any Magazine in the empire. This will be instantly admitted, when it is recollected that they can compile from a great variety of London Publications, the essence and interest of each. With regard to domestic Literature, they shall feel gratified in being instrumental in its diffusion. They therefore request such gentlemen as are employed in Literary Pursuits, to furnish them with an account of their progress, and its probable time of publication. They need not mention, that besides the information it conveys, this system operates materially in favour of the work ; while it answers all the purposes, and indeed excels the usual mode of advertizing. The next number in point of variety, extent and information, shall be beyond comparison, superior to any thing of the kind that has yet been published. The Conductors feel it superfluous to declare, that their future numbers shall incur no diminution or interest, and no unnecessary abridgment.

Mr. Jesse Foot is preparing for publication the lives of the late Andrew Robinson Bowes, Esq. and his wife, the Countess of Strathmore.

Mr. Charles A. Elton has in the press, in a foolscap octavo volume, *Tales of Romance*, with other Poems.

Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale is about to publish a series of etchings, in imitation of the original sketches from picturesque subjects in the county of Kent, with explanatory descriptions.

Mr. Samuel Prout has nearly ready for publication the first number of the *Relics of Antiquity, or the Remains of Ancient Structure*, with other vestiges of early times in Great Britain, etched from drawings by himself, and accompanied with descriptive sketches.

Mr. Stephen Pasquier has issued proposals for publishing, in a quarto volume, with copper-plates engraved by means of the author's newly-invented machines and tools, a new system, called *Neography*, in which he has attempted to simplify and reduce to one common standard, all the various modes of writing and printing used among the several nations of the globe, with a view to assist commerce, facilitate correspondence, and open an easier intercourse to the diffusion of knowledge, the fine arts, and civilization.

A work of some importance, under the title of *County Annual Archives*, will be published about May. Hitherto the annals of each county have been entirely lost to the public, and any person desirous of referring to any particular event or proceeding in the county in which he resides, has no means of gaining such information, however interesting to himself or the public. As the County Archives is intended to supply this desideratum, the contents of each annual volume will be arranged under the counties to which they respectively belong, and the subjects classed under the five general departments of public business, civil and criminal jurisprudence, political economy, chronicle, and biography.

It has long been matter of surprise to foreign naturalists, that although in this country Botany has been cultivated with a zeal and success which leave nothing to desire, scarcely any attention has been hitherto paid to the sister-science, entomology; so that while the vegetable productions of the British Isles are for the most part well known and accurately described, not a third of our numerous tribes of insects have been noticed or enumerated. This neglect is doubtless principally to be attributed to the want of a popular and comprehensive elementary work, adapted to the present improved state of the science. To supply this desideratum, and facilitate the study of a department of natural history, singularly amusive and instructive, abounding in objects striking in their shape and structure, splendid in decoration, and in the highest degree interesting in habits, manners and economy, the Rev. W. Kirby, and Mr. W. Spence, are engaged in preparing an introduction to Entomology, which is in considerable forwardness. The plan of the work is popular; but without overlooking science, to the technical and anatomical departments of which much new matter will be contributed. Its object, after obviating objections, and removing prejudices, is to include every thing useful or interesting to the entomological student, except descriptions of genera and species, which are foreign to the nature of such a work.

Mr. T. Woodfall, assistant-secretary to the Society of Arts, &c. proposes to publish in two octavo volumes, the whole of the valuable papers on agriculture, which have been brought before that society.

In a few days will be published, handsomely printed in 8vo. with a Portrait of Chaucer, copied from an illuminated manuscript of the *Canterbury Tales*, in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford, and with Engravings of the tombs of Gower and Chaucer as they now stand.

Illustrations of the Lives and Writings of Gower and Chaucer. By the Rev. H. Todd, M. A. F. S. A.—A few copies are printed in 4to. in a size similar to the Oxford edition of the *Canterbury Tales*.

In the course of this month will be published the following Medical works.

An Essay on the Nature and Cure of Scrofula, and a Demonstration of its origin from disorder of the Digestive Organs; interspersed with Observations on the general treatment of Children. By Richard Carnichael, Surgeon, Dublin. In 8vo.

Observations on the Diseases of the Hip Joint; to which is added, some Remarks on white swellings of the knee, the caries of the joint of the wrist, and other similar complaints. The whole illustrated by Cases and Engravings taken from the diseased part. By the late Edward Ford, Esq. F. S. A. Two

second edition, revised carefully, with some additional Observations, by Thomas Copeland, Fellow of the College of Surgeons, and Assistant-surgeon to the Westminster General Dispensary. In 8vo.

A Practical Essay on Cancer, being the substance of Observations, to which the annual prize for 1808 was adjudged by the Royal College of Surgeons, London. By Christopher Turner Johnson, Surgeon of Exeter, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, and of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. In 8vo.

A fourth edition of Dr. Trotter's Essay on Drunkenness, with considerable additions, is expected to appear in the course of the month.

Mr. Hey, Surgeon to the Infirmary at Leeds, will shortly publish a new edition, with considerable additions, of Practical Observations in Surgery, illustrated by cases and engravings.

Mr. Byerley (the translator of Machiavel's Prince first published) is preparing for the press, a Novel in three large volumes, under the title of "The White Ladies; or, Memoirs of the Ingram Family; a Worcestershire Story."

He is also editing "Letters from India; being the genuine Correspondence of persons of high rank at Calcutta, to their relations in England, from 1805 to 1809; embellished with a View of Calcutta from a drawing by J. Moffat. Both the above works will be published on the first of June next.

Speedily will be published, in post 8vo, a new edition (being the eighth) of the Baviad and Mæviad; together with the Epistle to Peter Pindar.

In the press, Ferdinand and Ordeila, a Russian Story, with Anecdotes of the Russian court, after the demise of Peter the Great. By Priscilla Parlane, said to be Mrs. Cavendish Bradshaw.

A new edition of the Pocket Encyclopedia, originally compiled by Mr. Gov. of the Military College, Marlow, is preparing for the press, with many additional articles adapted to the improved state of science.

Mr. Charles Blunt is engaged on an Essay on Mechanical Drawing; comprising an elementary course of practice in that art, illustrated by plates.

Miss Lucy Aikin has in the press, Epistles on the character and condition of Women, in various ages and nations, with other Poems.

Miss Jane Porter, author of Thaddeus of Warsaw, has just published the Scottish Chiefs, a Romance, in five volumes.

Mr. Marrat of Boston has in the press, a Treatise on Mechanics; chiefly designed for the use of schools and public seminaries.

Mr. Donovan has been some time engaged in preparing a comprehensive work on the Natural History of the British Isles, on a popular as well as scientific plan.

Mr. B. H. Smart, teacher of Elocution, is engaged in a Grammar of English Pronunciation, compiled on a new plan, but on plain and recognized principles, which will supply a practical method for the removal of a foreign or provincial accent, vulgarisms, impediments, and other defects of speech; and furnish pupils of all ages, particularly those intended for public situations, with the means of acquiring that nervous and graceful articulation, upon which alone a superior delivery can be founded.

Speedily will be published, printed in 4to, by James Ballantyne and Co. Edinburgh, and embellished with a Portrait of the Author, engraved by Heath, The Lady of the Lake; a Poem, in six cantos; by Walter Scott, Esq.

A new edition of Reliques of Ancient Poetry, consisting of old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other pieces of our earlier Poets, together with some few of later date, in three vols. crown 8vo, is nearly ready.

A new edition of the Siege of Acre, a Poem, by Mrs. Cowley, is about to be published in its finished state, as prepared by the authoress previous to her last illness.

A new edition of Davidson's Virgil, considerably improved, will be published in the course of next month.

William Sotheby, Esq. has a Poem in the press, in quarto, entitled Constance de Castile.

The Rev. Joseph Wilson is engaged on an introduction to Bishop Butler's *Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, to the constitution and course of Nature*. In a series of *Letters, addressed to a Student at the University*.

The Works, complete, of the late Rev. Joseph Milner, of Hull, are in the press, in eight octavo volumes; the whole revised, and an account of the author prefixed, by Dr. Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle.

To be published in the course of the month, *Practical Sermons for the use of Families*. Volume the second. By Hector St. John.

The Rev. William Jesse will shortly publish, in octavo, *Sermons on the Person and Office of the Redeemer, and on the Faith and Practice of the Redeemed*.

LIFE OF GENERAL MOORE,

Continued from page 222.

It is well known that neither the Viceroy of Corsica, nor his system of taxation were agreeable to the natives. Sir Gilbert Elliot, as we have said, surrounded himself with the pomp and display of a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He had his Court and his Council, and was decorated with all the parade, and enjoyed all patronage of Viceroyalty. He was already giving pensions, and making places for his friends. But the Corsicans could not relish the Tax-man; and in a short time the armorial bearings of that island were erased from the heraldic symbols of England. Sir Gilbert came home a plain country gentleman, and returned to his trade of speech-making in the House of Commons. It would be amusing to pursue the decline and fall of our Corsican grandeur, if the limits of this Miscellany, and the temporary pressure of other matters would allow us. We did not succeed, nor did we deserve success. Our policy was wrong, and our Viceroy, (unlike the Duke of Richmond in a similar instance,) was not calculated by suavity, or prudence of deportment, to correct the vicious system. But to return to Colonel Moore.

In 1795, he was promoted to the rank of a Colonel in the army, and accepted about the same time the Lieutenant-colonelcy of the 51st regiment, then under the command of Lord Eglintown, his countryman. The regiment was ordered to proceed in the memorable expedition to the West Indies, under the command of General Abercrombie. Upon the policy of this scheme, upon the frightful waste of lives it occasioned, as well as upon other subordinate concerns connected with the main transaction, we should feel some disposition to expatiate, if we did not again recollect, that the nature of a miscellany like the present, will not allow a protracted disquisition. Nevertheless, we cannot but remark, as a most striking contrast, that the armies sent to be interred in

the West Indies, were far more considerable than those by which ministers were to liberate Spain and Portugal—re-animate the expiring energies of Austria, and rescue the fairest portion of Europe from the ferocious gripe of the French Emperor. But there has been in all our foreign policy singular littleness and magnificence. A hundred thousand men were sent to Flushing to blow up a basin. There was at no time half that number *together* in Spain, although we purposed to drive the Usurper across the Pyrenees. Our principle object, however, is the life of a soldier; and although we cannot avoid occasionally glancing at the political scenes of which he may be the agent and instrument, yet we are aware that such deviations, though necessary in the Historian, are by many considered merely as episodes in the Biographer.

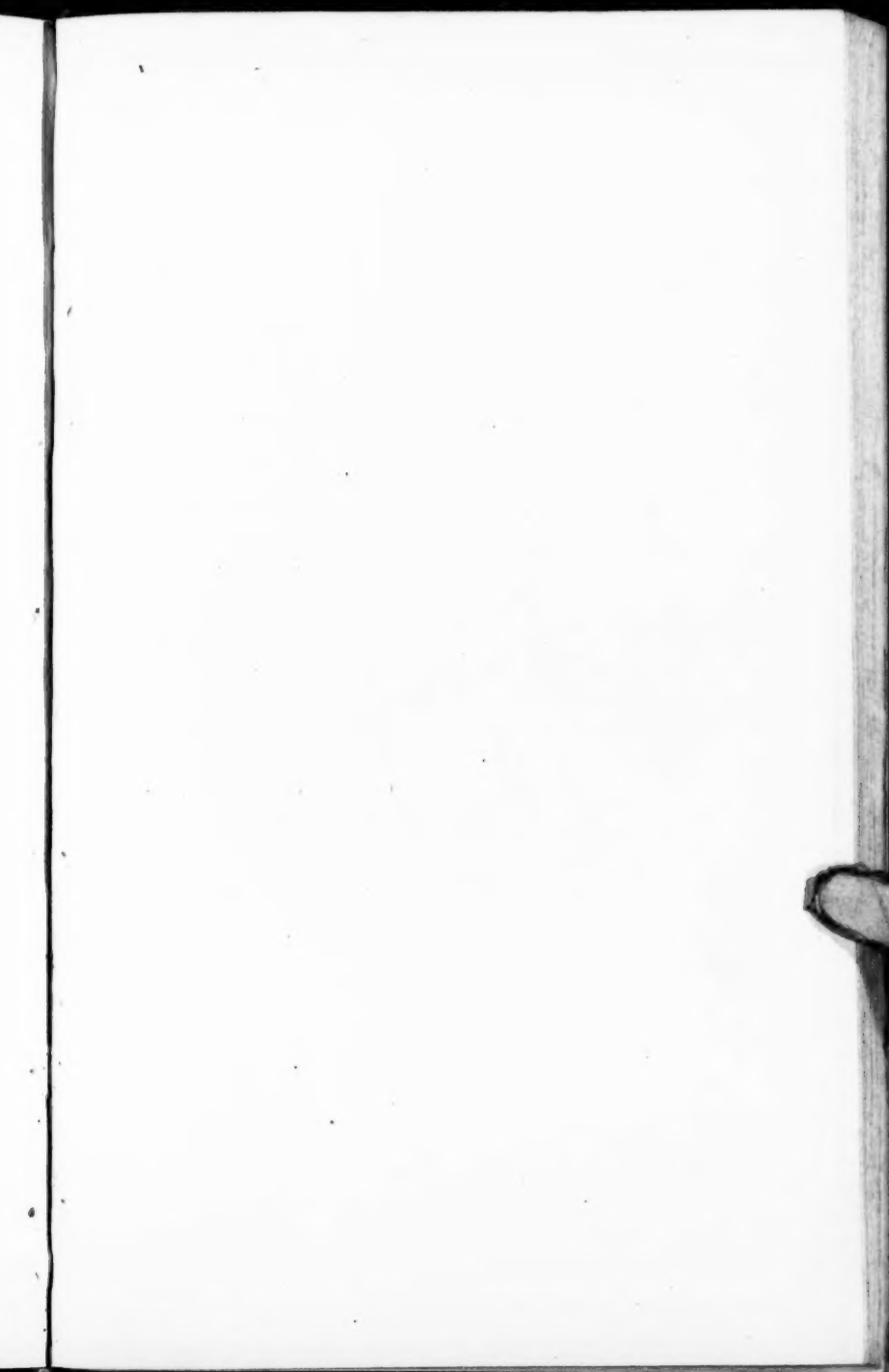
The British army arrived in Barbadoes, early in January, 1796, and Sir Ralph Abercrombie prudently resolved to commence immediate operations. When it is recollected, that in less than the space of three years, an army of upwards of fifty thousand men were devoured by the pestilential climate of those tropical latitudes, it must be apparent that the able veteran had no choice to make. For his own sake, for that of the valiant army which he commanded, in a word for the sake of his country, he was obliged, in the midst of difficulties and discouragements, and after a long voyage to adopt arrangements for instant operations.

The Dutch Colonies, Demarary, Issequibo and Berbice, soon surrendered, and we find Colonel Moore, who now served under the local title of a Brigadier General employed in the reduction of the French island of Saint Lucie. Here the young officer distinguished himself in a manner equally spirited and judicious. The official details on this subject, afford us a melancholy gratification, when we reflect that in perusing General Abercrombie's encomiums upon the gallantry and judgment of a young and promising soldier, we are reading the letter of a man who died in the field of honor, concerning another, who imitated his worthy example.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES.—*The Life of Lord Manners in our next. We request our Correspondent N. to furnish us with the documents to which he alludes concerning this exalted and virtuous character.*

Marriages, Births, Deaths, &c. in our next.





J. Byrne Sculp.

ARCHDUKE CHARLES OF AUSTRIA

Engraved for the Monthly Panorama Published by W. Figgis 37. Nagleau Street Dublin.